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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1912

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## THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

Edited by  
GEORGE HARVEY

for JANUARY

[On News-stands December 27]

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# The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1912.

## The Week

The message which President Taft had such difficulty in getting to Congress last week contained one important section which was printed in full only in the *Congressional Record*. This contained the recommendation that the law should be changed so as to allow members of the Cabinet to have seats, though not votes, in both Senate and House. The President gives succinctly the arguments in favor of the proposal. It should lessen misunderstandings between the executive and legislative branches of the Government, by bringing them into contact. Time would be saved, through direct question and answer on the floor of Congress, which is now wasted in roundabout inquiry. Moreover, a Secretary who knew that he might any day be called upon in Congress for information concerning his Department would be prompted thereby to new zeal in keeping informed on all that went on in it. President Taft does not mention another consideration, though it is really weighty. We mean the heightened interest which the public would be certain to take in Congressional proceedings, when the Cabinet had a voice in them, to answer questions or defend policies. It is obvious also that this would be a means of getting quickly before the country a great deal of information which now comes to the light but slowly and in fragments.

There is no need to exaggerate the evils of the present arrangement. The case is not so black as it is often painted. Those who hold that every government has in its machinery something roughly equivalent to the devices to be found elsewhere could justify themselves by pointing to many ways in which our Cabinet does, in fact, get its views before Congress. There seems, nevertheless, to be a growing belief that the experiment now definitely proposed by Mr. Taft is one of which we are bound, sooner or later, to make trial. It is well-nigh the universal practice in other countries. It has long been urged here, from the time of Judge Story down. It is safe to say that every

solid objection that could now be made has been anticipated in previous discussions. If it be said, for example, that Cabinet officers would fritter away their time and bore themselves to death by constantly attending the sessions of Congress, the answer is that nothing of the kind is contemplated. There would be stated times for the appearance of the Secretaries. Something like the English "question hour" would be established. Moreover, the more important questions would be answered only after notice given. All these things are matters of detail which could easily be provided for if once Congress were minded to undertake the central change.

President Taft's appointments to the new Commission on Industrial Relations will not, as a whole, give much satisfaction to those who had hoped that out of the investigations of this joint body of capitalists and workingmen there might come data and recommendations of value. Several names stand out, of course, as eminently fit—like those of Adolph Lewisohn, Frederick A. Delano, and F. C. Schwedtmann, representing capital. On the side of labor Mr. Taft has selected Austin B. Garetson, the head of the Railway Conductors, a worthy choice. But the other two are leaders of the American Federation of Labor, now under such a cloud because of the McNamara revelations. Thus there is not a single representative of the great bulk of American labor—the millions who are not in unions, and many of whom could not be persuaded to enter unions under any consideration. Again, there are six millions of women engaged in gainful occupations, and Mr. Taft has not thought it worth while to appoint a single woman to represent this vast army of workers. Finally, it is noteworthy that not a single teacher of economics appears upon the Commission.

Gov. Bass is another of the weak-kneed who have returned from Armageddon with a disposition to make "deals" and to "dicker" with the enemy. The Progressives hold the balance of power in the New Hampshire Legislature. Yet the Governor says: "I want

to see the New Hampshire Progressives stand by men who have demonstrated their belief in progress by their votes in the Legislature and other public acts. We can fritter away our work of years by refusing to lend a helping hand to a Progressive outside our own party, or standing idly by and seeing some standpat Democrat or Republican carry off the honors." He even declares that if the Progressives follow such a policy they will not deserve success in the future. "We have the balance of power in the next Legislature," he concludes, "and I want to see the Progressives use it properly and for the benefit of the whole people." All this has a fine sound, and a very practical sound, too, but what is a plain private in the army of the Lord to think of it? What does Gov. Bass mean by talking about Progressives "outside our own party"? Is not such a being impossible, by hypothesis? As for standing by men who believe in progress, is it not the duty of such men, no matter how much more numerous they may be than the real Progressives, to rally to the standard of the latter? Gov. Bass talks like a man who would put country above party. He should be court-martialed.

Those who are in the habit of regarding a strong central government as the only possible instrumentality for procuring humane reforms in State conditions may get some instruction from the annual report of South Carolina's Commissioner of Labor on the textile industries of that State. He points to the decrease in child labor. Since the new law cutting out all exemptions has come into effect this year, "there is not a single child under twelve years of age employed, as far as we are able to find through inspection"; and the number of children under sixteen years of age in the mills has fallen from 8,432 in 1910 to 8,312 in 1911 and 7,490 in 1912. This diminution has taken place in the face of a marked increase in the whole number of workers, the number above sixteen years of age having increased by 2,637 in the past year.

In States like South Carolina the temptation is strongest to refrain from imposing restrictions upon the exploita-



tion of child labor, on the ground that it is necessary for the development of new industries in the face of the competition of wealthier States; yet we see not only progress in such legislation, but also an earnest spirit in the enforcement of it, and hearty satisfaction in its results. "I am gratified, too," says the Commissioner, "that without the use of extensive child labor the textiles are this year able to pay nearly \$2,000,000 more to the employees in wages and show an increase in the value of their annual product of over \$2,500,000." Whether more rapid progress could, in actual practice, be attained by Federal compulsion, may be doubted; and certainly the moral effect of local self-improvement, and the absence of a vast machinery of Federal inspection and control, are factors in the question which only the thoughtless can belittle.

One of the strange inconsistencies in the Southern treatment of the negro is revealed by the appearance before Gov. Brown of Georgia of white men to protest against the driving of the negroes out of six counties in that State. It seems that there is a sort of Ku Klux at work, posting notices at night which warn all the colored people to leave under threat of terrible punishments. As a result, many of them are going, and one of the men who called on the Governor—but dared not give his name—thus described the consequences of the flight: "If something is not done to check this exodus . . . our wives and daughters will soon be put to the necessity of doing the cooking, washing, and performing other menial labor. In addition, the farmers will suffer greatly, for they will be deprived of field hands." Not one word, of course, about the victims of the outrage, of their loss and suffering in having to abandon homes and property and flee for safety. The sole consideration of importance is that the wives and daughters of prosperous whites may be without servants and the farmers without farm hands. Now, we all know that the negro is the worst possible servant and farm-hand, that he is the curse of the South because of his criminal nature and general worthlessness. Ought he, then, not to be driven out at once, in order that Georgia may surely be a white man's country and the way be cleared for foreign immigration?

One more swindling agency for the sale of worthless securities has been run down by the Post Office authorities. This comes at the very time when the methods of two other concerns of the kind are being ventilated in a criminal trial. In all this exposure, many will doubtless see a powerful new argument for government protection of investors. We have nothing to say against a proper regulation by law, such as exists in Massachusetts, of the issue of stocks and bonds by any corporation, but we would ask what possible statute could safeguard the greedy and gullible people who were caught by these swindlers? On the face of the enterprises, they were fraudulent. They promised impossible returns. Yet clergymen and college professors were found in abundance ready to snap at the get-rich-quick bait. Now, the most paternal of governments cannot protect its idiotic children. Unless it locks them up, it cannot prevent them from being taken in, when they go about fairly begging to be taken in. See to it that the venders of bogus mining stock or of securities of a company to manufacture diamonds cannot get at them, and they will immediately begin to buy gold bricks and invest in corner lots in the moon.

The replies received by the New York *World* from college and university presidents in response to its telegraphic inquiry asking for their opinion on the Panama tolls question show an intensity of conviction on this subject. Many of the replies, while clearly expressing the writer's own opinion that the discrimination in the present law is in violation of our treaty obligations, put still greater emphasis on the nation's honorable obligation, which ought to be felt as binding even by those of a contrary opinion, to submit the question to arbitration in case we do not voluntarily repeal the discrimination. "One of the two things must certainly be done," says President Wheeler of the University of California, adding: "I should prefer, however, in the interest of the national pride, to have the act amended."

The strongest statement is that made by President Butler, of Columbia, who pronounces the discrimination not only a violation of "our legal and moral in-

ternational obligations," but also a defiance of sound public policy through the "subsidizing of a monopoly." President Judson, of the University of Chicago, stands alone in expressing the opinion that it is "merely a domestic question, which could not, therefore, concern the Hague Tribunal"; but it would be interesting to know how he thinks the very question can best be decided, whether a disputed point involved in the interpretation of a treaty is or is not a "merely domestic" point. Is it for the judgment of one party to the treaty or for the decision of a tribunal of arbitration? As for the subsidy feature of the matter, now that this has been admitted, and admitted to be unjustifiable, by Mr. Taft's own Secretary of War, it ought to be possible to rally enough men out of both parties in Congress to obtain the outright repeal of the discrimination.

In his annual report the president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology discusses the future relations of the Institute and Harvard. The time for a close physical and administrative union passed with the purchase of the new site for the Institute, if, indeed, it had not passed before. But now that these two great institutions are soon to be within a few minutes' ride of each other, the question of an exchange of facilities and of the use of special equipment possessed by the one or the other is thrust to the front. Mr. MacLaurin discusses it with admirable good sense, suggesting that there is no reason whatever why Technology students should not profit by the inspiration of exceptionally able teachers at Harvard, and vice-versa. The beginning of such relations, he thinks, should first be through the interchange of graduate students. In the matter of physical equipment, the case is still plainer. President MacLaurin points out that the Institute may soon build an experimental tank for its department of naval architecture. Why should not Harvard have the use of it? It would surely be a great waste for Harvard to build such a tank, but ten minutes away. Again, the Technology is to have the best mining and metallurgical laboratories in existence. Harvard ought to profit by them precisely as the Technology should be able to use, under proper restrictions, those great university museums at Harvard which



could only be duplicated, if at all, by tremendous expenditure. Harvard, we are sure, will be ready to meet the Technology half-way; and this friendly coöperation ought to be a valuable example to the whole college world.

What a tangled web we get into when we set out to find what a word really means. The *Manchester Guardian* relates the story of two men who made a wager regarding the meaning of "lurid." One of them had used the word as descriptive of the glare of a night fire which had made the sky intensely red. The other pulled him up with the information that the word meant "pale" and not "deep red." As several dictionaries agreed, in a manner not customary among doctors, in defining the word as "pale, wan, ghastly pale," and only books and newspapers could be found as authorities for using it in the other sense, the first man reluctantly paid the bet. The *Guardian*, however, points out that "the latest and greatest English dictionary" gives this definition of "lurid":

Shining with a red glow or glare amid darkness (said of lightning flashes across dark clouds or flame mingled with smoke).

And it apparently clinches the matter by a quotation from Wordsworth:

Save that above a single height  
Is to be seen a lurid light  
Above Helm crag—a streak half-dead,  
A burning of portentous red.

"Apparently clinches," however, only, for the learned writer proceeds to demonstrate that Wordsworth had no philological right to use the word in that way. "Lurid," we are told, began life as a Latin adjective, meaning "pale yellow," and used chiefly of the complexion. The nearest English word for it is "sallow." From that, it came to mean something like "ghastly." But as for signifying "glaring red through smoke," as the English poets compel it to do, there is no authority—except, of course, the English poets. And so the puzzle remains; may any one who is not an English poet use "lurid" in any sense but that of "pale"?

That the English plans for celebrating the hundred years of peace with the United States should include the placing of a statue of George Washington either in the Abbey or in Westminster Hall shows again what time

can do to efface ancient animosities. All intelligent Englishmen have to-day an admiration for Washington's character and abilities. The man whom their ancestors would have hanged as a traitor, they themselves recognize as one who was in America simply fighting the general English battle for constitutional liberty. Certainly, Washington's statue in Westminster Hall would not seem so much of a misfit as Cromwell's in Parliament Yard. Washington resisted the House of Commons, but he did not turn it ignominiously out of doors. If there is any objection to placing an effigy of Washington in Westminster Abbey, it will be artistic rather than patriotic. The authorities might well resolve not to add another to the medley of inharmonious statues that deface the Abbey.

The "calculated indiscretion" still plays its part in high affairs of state. Readers will recall the excitement caused, just about a month ago, by a misinterpreted telegraphic order from the French War Office, as a result of which the reserves in several French communes on the northeastern frontier were summoned to the standards. It was immediately explained that the blunder rested with a subordinate officer, who should be promptly punished for setting the mobilization machine into motion and Europe's nerves on edge. A recent editorial in the *Paris Temps* pointed out, however, that the incident was not without its bright side. The alacrity with which the reserves responded to the call—the *Temps* speaks of them as marching to the barracks with cheers and chanting patriotic songs—has removed the painful doubts which have been created by the anti-militarist and anti-patriotic agitators of the school of Gustave Hervé. Now we have the following news item in the *London Times*:

The French Government has addressed a letter to the Prefect of the Department of Meurthe-et-Meuse asking him to convey to the Mayors of the nine communes of the district of Arracourt the Government's appreciation of the rapidity with which the local mobilization at Arracourt was carried out. This mobilization, which took place owing to a telegraphic error, was ordered by Brigadier Blon, who has himself been complimented by Gen. Goetschy, commanding the Twentieth Army Corps, on the promptitude with which he acted.

No mention is made of the telegrapher who made the regrettable error; but it

is not impossible that his name will appear in the New Year appointments to the Legion of Honor.

Prince Taro Katsura has now attained the Japanese Premiership for the third time. Japanese political parties are not easy to distinguish, but, broadly speaking, in the person of Katsura the conservative and militarist element in Japan once more comes to the front. The new Premier is certainly to-day the most powerful figure in Japanese public life. He enjoys the prestige of having guided the country through the war with Japan. He made way in January, 1906, for a Ministry headed by Marquis Saionji, yielding to the inevitable unpopularity that comes with the settlement of the difficult financial problems after a great war. He replaced Saionji at the head of affairs in July, 1908, made way for him once more in August of last year, and again succeeds the statesman who may be regarded as the exponent of Liberal policies in Japan.

Marquis Saionji's Cabinet went to pieces on the rock of militarist opposition. He was pledged to financial reforms which could not be carried out without serious retrenchment in the army and navy budgets. At the same time, he found the military elements solidly arrayed in behalf of an increase in the army and navy programme. Count Terauchi, who as Governor-General of Korea has pursued a forceful and effective policy of pacification in that country, precipitated the fall of the Saionji Cabinet by threatening to resign his post in Korea. If Katsura, instead of Terauchi, has been called upon to form a new Cabinet, it was probably because of a desire not to accentuate the triumph of the militarist party. The new Premier's position is all the more powerful because he combines in himself the official authority of President of the Cabinet with the unofficial, but still higher, authority exercised as a member of the group of Elder Statesmen. As Grand Chamberlain to the new Mikado and Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal, he is chief counsellor of the young Emperor, his only rival being the aged Prince Yamagata. His foreign policy has been described as one of firmness towards China and this country, and of friendliness to Russia and Great Britain.

## LEADERS IN A DEMOCRACY.

Gov. Wilson spoke last week with emphasis of his determination to carry into execution the policies to which he stands committed, yet in the same breath announced his purpose of continually going to the people to ask what they want done. He has more than once said that he aspired to be the "spokesman"—and, presumably, the efficient agent—of the popular will. If he has any quality of vigorous leadership, he prefers to think of it as merely responding to direction by the people. It would be obviously easy, for those so minded, to see in this something very like a contradiction in terms. The true leader cannot so completely lose his identity in the follower. That would be to go over to the famous dictum of the French politician, shame-facedly trailing after a mob of his constituents: "I must follow them, for I am their leader." But Gov. Wilson's utterance is doubtless not to be taken too literally. It is partly a piece of left-over campaign rhetoric. Partly, we presume, it is the seeming self-effacement of a masterful man who knows what he means to do, but desires to base his action upon the semblance of a strong popular demand. It would not be a bad definition of a successful leader in a democracy that he is a man of abundant initiative and resolute will who appears to be doing only what the people desire him to do.

As regards Gov. Wilson, the surest guide to his future conduct is furnished by his official course in New Jersey. In certain important matters, he did not hesitate to assume and avow leadership. One of his explicit and daring deliverances, in his campaign for the Governorship, was that, if elected, he himself, and no other man, should be the leader of his party in the State. This, of course, had a specific occasion and a definite reference. It was in answer to Mr. Record, who publicly questioned Wilson about the Democratic machine and its former operator, "Jim" Smith: what would the new Governor's attitude be towards the old boss? Mr. Wilson answered squarely. He would lead, not Smith. That was flat. It proved also to be absolutely true, as everybody knows. And the tremor that ran through all bossdom at Mr. Wilson's bold promise and complete fulfillment has not yet subsided. In this re-

spect, at least, he is certain to be a leader in the Presidency. No boss can dictate to him. No threat of punishment at the polls will terrify him. He will be his own master.

But this attitude towards his party organization is only one part of the work of a real leader. If he is such, he cannot neglect the devising and advocacy of party policies. How will he set about that? Is he to look into his own heart alone? Or is he to have no thought or will except what is conveyed to him as he places his ear to the ground? The whole question is confessedly intricate. It goes close to the centre of successful statesmanship. Lord Rosebery has written of the mysterious relations of a political leader to his party. He both gets and gives. Rosebery thinks that he gets more than he gives. But that depends upon the man. Gladstone did not come out for Irish Home Rule because the brains and mass of the Liberals demanded it. He rather imposed that policy upon his party. Joseph Chamberlain was not a puppet, moved by party wire-pullers, when he startled England by advocating a return to protective tariffs. He furnished an instance of a vigorous statesman scoring off his own bat, and forcing a reluctant party to fall into line behind him.

It would be foolish to say that this can often be done, or should always be attempted. A Prime Minister or a President has frequently to be an opportunist. That word has a good sense as well as a bad. It may signify the public man who, to be sure, has plans which he cherishes and hopes which he keeps alive, but who knows that he must wait for the ripening of the time. Never failing to urge his policy on fitting occasions, he yet has the patience of a Lincoln to abide the slow result. Lord Cromer describes the responsible statesman in a democracy as very much in the position of a man in a boat off the mouth of a tidal river. He long has to strive against wind and current until finally a favorable conjunction of weather and tide forms a wave upon which he rides safely into the harbor. There is an essential truth in this which no man attempting to play the part of leader in a democracy can forget except at his peril. Government by public opinion is bound to get a sufficient body of public opinion on its side.

But withal it is manifestly the duty of a leader to help form a just public opinion. He must dare to be temporarily unpopular, if only in that way can he get a hearing for the truths which the people ought to have presented to them. He is to execute the popular will, but he is not to neglect shaping it. It is his duty to be properly receptive, but his main striving ought to be that virtue should go out of him to touch and quicken the masses of his citizens. If their minds and imaginations are played upon with sufficient persistence and sufficient skill, they will give him back his own ideas with enthusiasm. A man who throws a ball against a wall gets it back again as if hurled by the dead brick and mortar; but the original impulse is in his own muscle. So a democratic leader may say, if he chooses, that he takes only what is pressed upon him by the people; but his function often is first to press it upon them.

Without something of this personal initiative and vigor, it is certain that there can be no true leadership. The theory of a ruler always listening for the word of command from the crowd breaks down in a dozen ways. Gladstone said that the orator got as vapor from his audience what he returned as shower. But if a would-be leader collects only the dust that blows through the streets and across the fields, what can he give back but mud? No: the ideal democracy is a led democracy, and is always looking about for men of force to show it where to go. If they fail it, it is in constant peril of attempting to proceed where there is no thoroughfare. And no quality is more necessary in them than courage to stand up and tell the people when they are wrong. They may strike a President, but they are bound to hear him. He has, as Mr. Wilson has said, the one voice that carries through the entire nation; and unless he seizes the opportunity to put into it both the exhortation and the warning which the times need, he is falling short as a leader.

## FINANCE AND HUMAN NATURE.

The report of Mr. Morgan's testimony before the Pujo Committee made fascinating reading. For, in addition to the technically financial contents of Mr. Morgan's examination, it yielded mat-



ter of immense social and personal interest. That Mr. Morgan was in many ways an excellent witness does not need to be argued. His mind moves with great directness. He brushes away encumbering details to go swiftly to the core of the business. When he does not know, he says so without hesitation. If his opinion is asked, he gives it squarely. Without fencing or hedging, he answered question after question, even when they went deep into matters of his policy and motive. Distinctly, he made the impression of uncommon ability uncommonly frank. This is the reason, taken in connection with his great position in the financial world, why thousands who know nothing of banks and stocks and interlocking directorates and voting trusts followed his testimony like men absorbed. It was to them not so much a financial revelation as a big human phenomenon unveiling itself.

Now, we freely admit that when the natural instincts are allowed to play freely upon matters of special knowledge and exceptional activities, there is danger of blundering. The man in the street is not able to stand as a judge over everything. When it is said that common sense is good enough to apply to matters about which the ordinary man is uninstructed, we have to be on our guard lest what we apply be really common ignorance. And there are many aspects of the affairs on which Mr. Morgan was examined upon which it would be rash for any but experts to attempt to pronounce. The unknown is not always held to be the magnificent; it is often regarded as the suspicious. And we doubt not that some things in Mr. Morgan's testimony will be unjustly suspected by the man who boasts of his horse sense because he does not understand them. It does not necessarily follow, though some hasten to assert it, that every corporation or life insurance company on which there is a Morgan director is under Mr. Morgan's thumb. Men may easily get into an unduly suspicious and skeptical frame of mind about all these methods of high finance, and so do wrong to those who practice them. This must be confessed at the start and is always to be borne in mind. But our present point is that a great deal was brought out in Mr. Morgan's testimony which was not in the least technical or professional, and upon which any sensible man may express

his opinion. When human nature is involved in finance, those who know anything about human nature have as good a right to be heard as the greatest financier. And a few of the positions which Mr. Morgan took, with his admirable frankness, may well be challenged as contrary to all that is settled in regard to the nature of man.

Mr. Morgan made no bones of admitting that he and his associates might, if they chose, wield their great financial power harmfully. With their control of banking facilities, their large influence in the extension of credit, they could, if they so willed, discriminate against this corporation and in favor of the other, set one man up and knock another down. That anything of the kind was done, Mr. Morgan naturally denied. But he conceded that it might be done; yet, when asked if the vesting of such enormous power in one man, or group of men, was not dangerous, and whether it would not be wise to have some check upon it, he gave his opinion strongly in the negative. The vast potential power he did not question; but he maintained that it would be used wisely and fairly. Now, this is a question, not purely of finance, but of human nature. The insatiate love of power and the peril that lies in unlimited power have been the theme of moralists and writers on government from the beginning of civilization. Mr. Morgan is confident, and so are many, that he would not use a giant's strength tyrannously. But would he trust it to Jay Gould or John W. Gates or Lawson or Keene? It will never do to say that unchecked power is a good thing because it is in the hands of good men. The better the men are the readier will they be to confess the need of putting limitations on any such heaped-up and perilous power over the lives and fortunes of their fellows. That even good men grow drunk with power, and need to be protected from its excesses, is one of the oldest teachings of human experience. Modern finance cannot brusquely set it aside.

Human nature, we have said, may too much suspect finance; but finance may expect too much of human nature. It certainly did so in the person of Mr. Morgan, when it asked us to believe that a man may have absolute control of another, yet leave the latter entirely independent. The question arose in con-

nection with the workings of a voting trust. In the case of a given railway, for example, it appoints all the directors; those directors are invited to have financial dealings with the firm or voting trust upon which their official lives depend; and the question was put to Mr. Morgan whether he did not regard such a relation as unfortunate. Could the directors really exercise an independent judgment? Would they dare refuse a plan advantageous to the men who held them in the hollow of their hands? Mr. Morgan coolly maintained that they could and would. He affirmed that directors of such precarious tenure—whose official heads might be cut off at the end of the year—are in the habit of acting as if they were entirely their own masters. But this again is not a mystery of finance; it has to do with the plain facts of human nature; and what man in his senses is able to believe that the subtle play of motive in such cases can possibly be what Mr. Morgan would have us think it? He promptly and boldly gave his opinion, on this as on other matters, but we are bound to say that, in this particular affair, he drew a picture of human nature which the mind instantly rejects as incredible.

#### VICE AND GOVERNMENT.

That New York compares favorably with any great city in the world in the matter of vice, we have been repeatedly and emphatically assured on the highest official authority. Whether this be true or not, so far as regards the actual extent of "the social evil" taken in itself, we shall not undertake to judge. Government, in any event, is only one of the factors that enter into the case; economic conditions, the prevailing moral standards of the community, and other elements of pervasive importance and influence, go to the shaping of the situation. There may be other cities in which there is more vice, or in which its manifestations are more revolting, than in our own. But there is another aspect of the vice question no less serious than this. How the city government affects vice is one thing; how vice affects the city government is another. And in this regard New York has an ignoble pre-eminence over all the great cities of the world which, so far as we have observed, neither Mayor Gaynor nor any one else has attempted to dispute.



This should have been on the mind and heart of every citizen of New York when he read such a story as that which Sipp, the keeper of a disreputable hotel, gave to the Curran Committee the other day. For what that witness disclosed was something very different from the knavery of a patrolman or two, or even the venality of so high an officer as an inspector of police. The note that ran through his whole story was the note of Tammany. It was Tammany that had to be appeased; it was Tammany that held Sipp safe if he satisfied the desires of its henchmen, and that cut off the means of his disgraceful livelihood when those desires were crossed. Nor were the allegations vague or general. Names were named; names of men in the police service and out of it; above all, names of men strong in the organization, and especially the name of one man who is known as among the closest friends of Murphy, a man of high standing in Tammany. Now, we do not know that this particular story is true, and the person accused has branded it as an invention. But we do know that nobody was in the least surprised by it, that no indignant denial by Murphy was forthcoming, that everybody feels sure that the only thing novel about Sipp's story is its actual production in public. So perfectly is the situation understood as a matter of "common knowledge" that everybody regards the story as merely a sample of what a hundred Sipp's could tell, and tell truthfully, any day in the year.

Can this situation be matched in London, or Paris, or Berlin, or Frankfurt, or Glasgow? Is there, in any of these cities, a great depository of governmental power which stands in any such relation to the commercial exploitation of vice? Is there, in any of them, a man with whom the whole people have to reckon as coördinate in strength with the community itself, and whose friends and friends' friends systematically profit by blackmail levied on the keepers of brothels and disreputable hotels, or by being in that trade themselves? That is the real issue between the people of the city of New York and Tammany Hall, between the people of the city of New York and Murphy. Over this filthy morass of prostitution and bribery and blackmail the structure of Tammany's power is built; this connec-

tion between their government and the traffic in vice the people of New York have been tolerating. And the man at the centre of this system they have allowed to get such a hold on public power as to overshadow the State Legislature, to paralyze the Governor, and to come dangerously near to wrecking a great political party in the nation.

At this particular time, indeed, Tammany is not in absolute possession. Thanks partly to Mayor Gaynor's independence and force, but above all to the success of the Fusion movement in electing a remarkably strong group of anti-Tammany men to the high places in the government other than the Mayoralty, the grip of the Murphy machine on New York City has, in the past three years, been far less than it has been in former times. But so deep down are the sources of its strength that even when it seems to be thrown out altogether its malign influence is powerfully exerted in a thousand ways; and always we have to reckon with the menace of the complete restoration of its domination. The disclosures that have come thick and fast ever since the murder of Rosenthal open up questions with which the best thought of the wisest and bravest men will hardly suffice to grapple; but they challenge in quite another way the manhood and the civic pride of the people at large. It may be impossible to solve those problems of vice and crime the struggle with which is as old as civilization; but this is no excuse for tolerating that shameful identification of political power with vice and crime which is the peculiar disgrace of the American boss-ridden city, the disgrace which stamps the name of New York with a brand known throughout the civilized world. Whatever else may come of the Becker case and the Curran Committee revelations, there should be no doubt of its breeding such determination to crush the Tammany monster as this city has not experienced since the days of Tweed.

#### A MATHEMATICAL CENTENARY.

To be an illustrious mathematician is to have attained as high and shining a reward as any that comes to genius. In no department of thought is a great intellectual conquest the source of more unquestionable satisfaction to the man who has achieved it; in none is it re-

warded by more enthusiastic homage in the charmed circle of his peers. But it is far different as regards the outside world. Of those mathematicians whose names "on the stretched forefinger of all time sparkle forever," so as to be visible to the multitude, the list is extremely short. Ask the first man of culture you meet to name the great mathematicians of our own time and of past ages, and he will hardly get beyond Archimedes and Euclid for the ancients, and Newton and perhaps Laplace for the moderns. He may think of Descartes or Pascal or Leibnitz, but this will probably be because he happens to know that, besides being philosophers or controversialists, they had also done something in mathematics. Even the four names first mentioned owe their prominence in the general mind mainly to something other than their distinctive achievements in pure mathematics. Euclid's name is a familiar sound to every schoolboy for obvious reasons. Archimedes is known rather for the principle of the lever and the "eureka" story than for his fathership of the method of infinitesimals. Newton is, by general acknowledgment, the most majestic name in the history of science; and the mathematical triumphs of Laplace would not have sufficed to place him in the list of the universally known had they not been connected with the more palpable interest attaching to astronomy. Of the splendid array of commanding minds whose conquests make up so wonderful a record of intellectual achievement, the world of non-mathematicians is, with a few chance exceptions, wholly unaware.

Scotland cannot boast of any great share in this story; but she is fortunate in being able to claim one mathematician who stamped his name on the pages of history by a single achievement of picturesque character, of great practical importance, and of such a nature as to have made his name more familiar to the world in general than that of any but the little group we have indicated. The announcement was made a few days ago that the Royal Society of Edinburgh was preparing to celebrate the tercentenary of the invention of logarithms by Napier of Merchiston, whose "Mirifici Logarithmorum Canonis Descriptio" was published in 1614. Of the merit of this achievement as well as

its originality, there is no doubt, though tables of a somewhat similar nature had been constructed (but not published) by a Swiss mathematician, Bürgi, a few years before; a coincidence which, as is usually true in such cases, is to be explained on the ground that the time had arrived when the need of some such invention had become acute. The calculations demanded by the grand development of astronomy in the hands of Tycho Brahe and Kepler were stupendously laborious; and Napier deliberately set himself the task of finding a means of substituting addition for multiplication, and subtraction for division. This, and much more, his invention of logarithms effected; and its effect, as has been said, was to double the astronomer's life by halving his labor. It was rapidly adopted, not only by astronomers, but by navigators; and as a mere delight and fillip to mathematicians, it cannot have failed to act as a powerful stimulus to the advancement of mathematical science in general.

We do not know what form the celebration at Edinburgh will take. But one might imagine a celebration in which the chief feature should be some kind of bird's-eye view of what has happened to mathematics since Napier's time. Between the science of the day when Napier's "Canon Mirificus" stirred the geometers and astronomers with a fresh delight, and that of our time, there is a contrast no less impressive than that presented by our power-mills and dynamos and skyscrapers, as compared with the primitive achievements of three hundred years ago. Story has been piled upon story, and mine has been bored under mine, until the whole structure is awe-inspiring—or appalling, as we may choose to view it—in a degree that Napier's contemporaries could not have dreamed of. Perhaps nothing can bring the contrast more vividly to mind than the fact that the simple device of exponents to denote the powers of a quantity had not come into use in Napier's time. Indeed, what made his merit so signal is that he should have evolved the idea of the logarithm without having as a starting point the idea of the exponent. The logarithm of a number soon came to be regarded as the exponent of the power to which a fixed base must be raised to produce the number; to Napier, his logarithms were simply a series of num-

bers which form an arithmetical progression, while the natural numbers to which they correspond form a geometrical progression.

We may point here to a curiosity of history. Among the intellectual events of British history there are not many that stand out with more spectacular distinctness than the publication of Napier's "Canon Mirificus," of Malthus's "Essay on Population," and of Darwin's "Origin of Species." Between the work of Malthus and that of Darwin there was, as is well known, a distinct causal connection. Of course, nothing of the kind is true between Napier and Malthus; nevertheless, it is interesting to note that they had in common the juxtaposition of an arithmetical and a geometrical progression. That this was of the essence of Napier's work is simple matter of fact; but, in spite of the patronizing indulgence or complacent contempt with which Malthus's use of the comparison between the geometrical and the arithmetical progression has sometimes been treated, it was truly this that gave backbone to his doctrine, both by its effect upon his own mind and by its inherent appropriateness. The circumstance has no mystic significance, nor would we abuse the opportunity to infer from it anything about the characteristics of the British mind; but as an example of singular fertility in consequences issuing from the contemplation of a simple mathematical idea in fields as wide asunder as possible, the fact is worthy of passing mention.

#### AN INSATIATE NAVAL POLICY.

We have now at hand the full text of the speech which Premier Borden made to the Canadian House of Commons, at the time of proposing to build for the British navy "three of the largest and strongest ships of war that science can build or money supply." The money, in this case, will be \$35,000,000, which the Canadians are asked to contribute in order to show that they are prepared to "defend on sea as well as on land our flag, our honor, and our heritage." Mr. Borden spoke as both a Canadian patriot and a British Imperialist. Some of the things which he said in the latter guise may, we should think, make Englishmen wince a little. They could scarcely like to hear that "irreparable disaster"

might overtake the British fleet if Canada should neglect to do her duty. But this was largely rhetorical. The Canadian Prime Minister was more matter-of-fact when he undertook to explain the Imperial naval policy, and to show just what was the present status of the British navy. Some of his statements sound rather alarmist and might be thought indiscreet. But Mr. Borden was speaking by the card. For he made public a special memorandum prepared by the British Admiralty which was in many ways more significant than even the Premier's speech or the proposed gift of ships by Canada.

The Admiralty expressly disclaimed any thought of influence on Canadian action. Aid from Canada would be gratefully accepted, but the Admiralty wished to leave no doubt of England's ability to cope with her naval problems alone. The intention of the memorandum was merely to set forth the actual strength of the British navy at present, together with the building programme which is necessary, in the opinion of the Admiralty. And here we get a glimpse of the absolutely limitless demands of the big-navy men. For the Admiralty, after showing how England, by great exertions and enormous expenditures, has made arrangements to keep well ahead of the German navy, coolly lets it be known that this is only a beginning. It points out "the simultaneous building by many Powers of great modern ships of war." Then it makes the following ominous statement:

Whereas, in the present year, Great Britain possesses eighteen battleships and battle-cruisers of the Dreadnought class, against nineteen of that class possessed by the other Powers of Europe, and will possess in 1913 twenty-four to twenty-one, the figures in 1914 will be thirty-one to thirty-three, and in the year 1915 thirty-five to fifty-one.

Talk about the daughters of the horse-leech! They never cried "Give," "Give," with anything like the insatiate urgency of our modern naval authorities. It is impossible to get from them a fixed policy. All their estimates of strain and cost are wholly provisional. What they tell us to-day will make us "safe" or "invincible," to-morrow they will declare to be entirely inadequate. There is a world of sinister meaning in this memorandum of the British Admiralty. Ever since 1906 the one cry of the alarmed big-navy champions in England has been that on no account must Germany be



allowed to get ahead. In order to make sure that the country would remain unmolested, it was needful to enlarge the British shipbuilding plans so as surely to outstrip the German. This has now been done. In Dreadnoughts the British navy is already superior to Germany's strength. By 1915, the Admiralty admits, England will have, in her home waters alone, twenty-five Dreadnoughts to seventeen in the German navy. But are the English taxpayers now to be allowed to take heart, in the hope that the worst of the pressure is over, and that a "margin of safety" has at last been assured? Not for a moment. The Admiralty is ready with endless reasons why battleships must be provided without end. There is the need of replacing worn-out and obsolete vessels. There is always the danger that Germany will launch more Dreadnoughts. And, finally, it is necessary to consider what Austria and Italy and Russia and France and even Spain are doing to strengthen their naval power. All this affects the "possibility of adverse combinations being suddenly formed" against the British navy, and plainly points to the need of "larger margins of superiority." Thus is the nation—all nations—asked to enter upon the vicious circle. It is vitally necessary that you must have more ships, but the minute you get them the necessity of having still more is equally vital. To say that this must go on is to confess the bankruptcy of statesmanship.

In Canada, Mr. Borden's proposal was widely acclaimed. Even his political opponents approve the general scheme. To fail to do so would not be "patriotic." The Opposition party is always expected enthusiastically to "stand behind" the Executive when it is a question of large outlay for war purposes. But the Canadian Liberals who are standing behind Mr. Borden are doing so with knives in their hands. They applaud the main plan, but angrily find fault with some of its details. The ships are to be given outright to England and incorporated in the British navy. What then becomes of the Canadian navy? To establish one was supposed to be a settled national policy, but here is a Conservative Government kicking it over. Moreover, the ships are to be manned and officered, not by Canadians—apparently, they are considered not good

enough—but by Englishmen. Then what a hollow kind of generosity it is to give the ships to England, so as to relieve the over-burdened taxpayer, and thereupon compel him to pay the entire bill for operation, upkeep, and repairs. These are but a few of the points which the Liberal leaders and newspapers in Canada are making against Mr. Borden's proposal as it stands. Politically, it seems to be a shrewd stroke by the new Government. The organ of Bourassa, *Le Devoir*, speaks of Borden playing his "trump card." But as there is political motive on the one side, so there will be on the other; and there will be long and stirring debates in the Canadian Parliament before the measure is accepted.

#### JOHN SYNGE.\*

John Synge was so skilful in eluding biographers that he was dead before it was generally known in this country that he had existed. Within the last year or two he has become one of the most conspicuous figures in the literary world. Yet current discussion has proceeded for the most part in ignorance of the facts of his life and has confined itself mainly to one or two of the plays. Even among the better informed there still remain the widest differences of opinion regarding his character, his relation to the so-called Irish Renaissance, and his appropriate niche in the temple of fame. And in consequence of various non-literary forces, the division has been rather partisan than critical. It is darkly hinted in one quarter that he owes everything to the French decadents. On the other hand, Mr. Yeats would have us believe that his work came straight from the heart of Erin. On the one hand it is argued that he is only a clever craftsman. But Mr. Howe holds that he stands by his absolute achievement only a little lower than Shakespeare. "If he had lived," says Mr. Howe, "he could not but have added to the number of his plays; and yet in the six plays he has left us, what that is essential in life has he failed to include?" This is the question one asks of the supreme geniuses; this is the question one asks of Shakespeare. With the collected works of Synge now before us and with eager advocates and jealous disparagers on each side of us, it may

be worth while to inquire in an entirely dispassionate way what manner of man this was.

#### I.

Synge was for a considerable portion of his life practically as well as theoretically a tramp. We know that he was born at Rathfarnham, near Dublin, in 1871, and that he passed through Trinity College. Then the door is almost closed upon his occupations till 1898-9, when he was called from abroad to take part in the new movement in Ireland. Yet we are permitted to catch one significant glimpse of a poverty-stricken, silent, rather morose young man in ill health, who has left his native land and is apparently seeking to escape from his memories in aimless wanderings among alien people and alien modes of thought. His first wayfaring was in Germany, where Heine was perhaps the will-o'-the-wisp to his feet, but all roads lead the literary vagabond ultimately to Paris, and when he had made his pilgrimages, he brought up in the Latin Quarter. "Before I met him," says Mr. Yeats, "he had wandered over much of Europe, listening to stories in the Black Forest, making friends with servants and with poor people, and this from an æsthetic interest, for he had gathered no statistics, had no money to give, and cared nothing for the wrongs of the poor, being content to pay for the pleasure of eye and ear with a tune upon the fiddle."

Synge's transformation from a tramp into an Irishman of letters his sponsors represent to us as a kind of modern miracle. But they can preserve this air of mystery only by insisting that the return to Ireland meant an abrupt break and a fresh beginning rather than the natural evolution of his career—only, in short, by maintaining that what is clearly illuminating is wholly irrelevant. Now about 1895 Synge installed himself in solitary lodgings in Paris and undertook to prepare himself to be a "critic of French literature from the French point of view." At this point our authorities diverge, and Mr. Yeats executes a bit of skilful and characteristic legerdemain. He lifts the curtain in the garret of the Latin Quarter some four years later and discovers the author of two or three poor poems studying the works of Racine. George Moore, on the other hand, says explicitly that Synge was writing indifferent impressionistic criticisms of Lemaitre and Anatole France. There is no necessary conflict between these two reports, but there is a noticeable difference of emphasis. Between Synge and Racine I should never attempt to establish any affinity. But between Anatole France and Synge?—that is quite another matter. For the discreet discoverer of the new poet admits that he

\*The Works of John M. Synge. Boston: J. W. Luce & Co. 4 vols.

*The Cutting of an Agate.* By William Butler Yeats. New York: The Macmillan Co. In this are gathered up Mr. Yeats's principal articles on Synge; also articles on Lady Gregory, John Shaw-Taylor, Spenser, and miscellaneous thoughts on poetry and drama.

*J. M. Synge. A Critical Study.* By P. P. Howe. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.



found Synge "full of that kind of morbidity that has its root in too much brooding over methods of expression, and ways of looking upon life which come, not out of life, but out of literature." Was that Mr. Yeats's covert way of confessing that Synge was steeped in Anatole France? This, at any rate, can be established: Synge's point of view in comedy is identical with that of Anatole France. Despite the Frenchman's vastly greater range of culture, the two men are absolutely at one in their aloof, pyrrhonic irony and their homeless laughter—the laughter of men who have wandered all the highways of the world and have found no abiding city.

Mr. Yeats, who is crammed with convictions and constitutionally incapable of understanding this desperate and smiting skepticism—no one, I think, asserts that Synge acquired his humor from the Dublin singers—Mr. Yeats gives a puzzled account of Synge's ideas which unintentionally confirms our conjecture. Synge had, he tells us, "no obvious ideal"; he seemed "unfitted to think a political thought"; he looked on Catholic and Protestant alike with amused indifference; all which comes down to us from education, and all the earnest contentions of the day excited his irony; "so far as casual eye could see," he had "little personal will." This description of moral and volitional prostration could be applied with hardly an alteration to Anatole France. And it should help put to rest the legend of the joyous Synge, bounding over the hills with the glad, wild life of the unspoiled barbarian. There are passages in the "Aran Islands," to be sure, which reveal high nervous excitement induced by conflict with the elements. But there are also clear indications of chronic weariness and low vitality. In the grim humor of his little narrative, "Under Ether," there is something more than a manly resolution in the face of death; there is in it the nonchalance of one who has long made death his familiar.

## II.

Synge's verse is what we should expect of a rather despondent young Bohemian, unsure of himself, and seeking among other poets food and forms for his melancholy. I wish to tarry for a moment upon his small collection of poems and translations, partly because, though little known, it is intrinsically interesting, and partly because it reveals so clearly on a small scale the nature of his literary talent. The poems are due to the influence of various masters—to Burns, Wordsworth, Swinburne, and, notably, to that fascinating outlaw, Maistre François Villon. In about one-third of them he sings of death, and in nearly all of them there is a distinguishable echo of some earlier singer.

In the poem, "To the Oaks of Glen-cree," to take a single example, we notice how Maistre Villon helps him shape and round out the first pure impulse of lyric exultation:

My arms are round you, and I lean  
Against you, while the lark  
Sings over us, and golden lights and green  
Shadows are on your bark.  
There'll come a season when you'll stretch  
Black boards to cover me;  
Then in Mount Jerome I will lie, poor  
wretch,  
With worms eternally.

The startling and paradoxical fact about this collection is that the original poems constantly remind us of some one else; the translations alone seem unmistakably Synge's. The original poems have the merits of skilful literary imitation. They might have been written, however, by Stevenson or Lang or by Mr. Edmund Gosse, or by half-a-dozen other cultivators of old French verse. But neither Mr. Gosse nor Lang nor Stevenson could have written a line of the poem that follows:

Are you bearing in mind that time when there was a fine look out of your eyes, and yourself, pleased and thoughtful, were going up the boundaries that are set to childhood? That time the quiet rooms, and the lanes about the house, would be noisy with your songs that were never tired out; the time you'd be sitting down with some work that is right for women, and well pleased with the hazy coming times you were looking out at in your own mind.

May was sweet that year, and it was pleasantly you'd pass that day.

Then I'd leave my pleasant studies, and the paper I had smudged with ink where I would be spending the better part of the day, and cock my ears from the sill of my father's house, till I'd hear the sound of your voice, or of your loom when your hands moved quickly. It's then I would set store of the quiet sky and the lanes and little places, and the sea was far away in one place and the high hills in another.

There is no tongue will tell till the judgment what I feel in myself those times.

Here are all the peculiar marks of Synge himself—the irresistibly quaint idiom, the drifting rhythm, the loose sentence structure, thought thrown out after thought, as it were, without premeditation, and blossoming from phrase to phrase, the window opened upon a mist of vague and limitless emotion, the poignant and adorable Celtic wistfulness: while, as a matter of fact, these lines are a tolerably close translation of the first half of Leopardi's "Silva." We are here in the presence of a pure miracle of that style which is Synge's special creation, and which distinguishes him not merely from Leopardi, but also from all his Anglo-Irish contemporaries. With all its apparent spontaneity, his style is as patiently and cunningly wrought out as the style of Walter Pater—wrought of a scrupulously select vocabulary, idiom, and images, with an exacting ear controlling

the cadence and shepherding the roving and dreamy phrases. With the aid of this perfected instrument he is able to appropriate and seal as his own poems from authors as diverse as Petrarch and Walter von der Vogelweide, Leopardi and Villon. This fact, taken together with his dependence in the original poems, tends to justify a search beneath the surface of his other work for alien forces secretly shaping his emotions and determining his forms.

## III.

The orthodox method of "explaining" Synge is to ignore the poems and translations and point to the volume on the Aran Islands. This is the record, we are told, of Synge's literary salvation; here lies the key to the dramas. In other words, we are asked to believe that Mr. Yeats's theory of poetry has been demonstrated. A stranded Irishman living gloomily in Paris without ideal and almost without ideas is sent to a little group of lonely islands to the southwest of Galway, inhabited by stolid fisher-folk in a very backward state of culture. He spends part of every year there—we pass over the fact that the other part is spent in Paris—wearing the rawhide shoes of the natives, warming his blood with their fires and their poteen, living in their kitchens, hearing their legends, and sharing in their noble primitive customs till the folk passion streams through him and makes him a genius. If any one is skeptical, we point to the fact that something like the "germ" of two or three of Synge's plays is actually present here in the form of jottings on folk story and belief. Now, this is a delightfully simple recipe for making a genius. If this were the whole truth, one might agree without reservation with one of the reviewers who declares that the "Aran Islands" is of "vast importance as throwing light on this curious development," and who adds that it "is like no other book we have ever read."

When I first read the "Aran Islands," I thought of that much-experienced vagabond and subtle exploiter of exotic and primitive cultures, Pierre Loti; and I have learned recently with some satisfaction, from a foot-note in Mr. Howe's book, that "Synge thought Pierre Loti 'the best living writer of prose.'" And when I found Synge comparing conditions in the Aran Islands to a disadvantage with what he had seen in his rambles in Brittany, I thought of Anatole le Braz and all his charming studies of the songs and superstitions and customs and characters of that other Celtic people. And then there drifted into my remembrance the pensive face of another wanderer and exile, half-Irish and half-Greek, known in the Orient as Kolzumi Yakumo, and in the Western world

as Lafcadio Hearn. As I turned once more the pages of his book on Japan and ran through the "Life and Letters," glancing at his Eastern costume and at the almond eyes of his sons, I reflected that he, at any rate, had possessed the courage to realize the dreams of his favorite author, Théophile Gautier, and the Oriental reveries of Victor Hugo. Finally, I opened the book of Chateaubriand, great father of them all, and read: "When he arrived among the Natchez, René had been obliged, in order to conform to the customs of the Indians, to take a wife, but he did not live with her. A melancholy disposition drew him to the depths of the forest; there he passed whole days alone, and seemed a savage among the savages."

The attitude, the point of view—that is the question about this Irishman and his book on the Aran Islands. *Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?* Now, it is an essential error to imagine that when Synge passed from the Latin Quarter to the Aran Islands he was returning to his own people. He never desired to return to his own people. He went to this group of islands, and then to the most remote and backward of them, because he wished to escape into a perfectly strange and virgin environment.

The peculiar charm of the "Aran Islands" and other books of its class consists not in the identification of the narrator with the life of the people whom he describes, but rather in accentuating the contrast between the sophisticated son of the cities and the simple barbarian. It is the æsthetic charm of looking upon illusions through the eyes of the disillusioned. In the earlier examples of this *genre* the sense of the sundering gulf is emphasized by bringing the weary heir of all the ages into sentimental relations with a "noble" female savage—an unspoiled daughter of the wilderness. But the sentiment now smacks of the romanticism of the old school. In the various books in which Pierre Loti pictures his exotic amours, you may trace the declassification of the lovely and beloved barbarian into a mere transitory symbol of the "soul" of the land in which she is found. In the "Mariage de Loti," for example, there is still a breath of strange passion for the poor Samoan girl, yet the lover comments as follows: "In truth, we were children of two natures, widely sundered and diverse, and the union of our souls could be only transitory, incomplete, and troubled." But in that most heartlessly beautiful book in contemporary literature, "Madame Chrysanthème," the breath of passion has given way to sheer nervous disgust. With the little yellow poupée, Loti has nothing in common, not even an emotion. As he takes pains to point out in the dedication to the Duchess de Richelieu, though Madame

Chrysanthème seems to have the longest rôle, it is certain that the three principal personages are: "*Moi, le Japon et l'Effet que ce pays m'a produit*," "Myself, Japan, and the Effect which that country produces in me"—the bitter perfume which a crushed chrysanthemum of Nagasaki exhales for the nostrils of a disillusioned Academician.

Essentially Synge was seeking the same thing—the perfume which the Aran Islands could yield to a disillusioned Irish-Parisian. He, too, has transferred the sentiment, which was formerly attached to the fair savage, to the land itself. Despite his apparent solicitude for realistic detail, it is the subjective soul of the islands that he is striving to capture. His book, like Loti's, is pieced together of short impressionistic sketches which are related to one another only through the mood of the author. "It is only in the intonation of a few sentences," he writes, "or some fragment of melody that I catch the real spirit of the island, for in general the men sit together and talk of the tides and fish, and of the price of kelp in Connemara." The traditional lovely savage has here suffered a further declassification into a peasant girl in her teens towards whom only a friendly attachment exists. Yet this girl, like her famous predecessors, becomes the symbol of what he has come to seek: "At one moment she is a simple peasant, at another she seems to be looking out at the world with a sense of prehistoric disillusion and to sum up in the expression of her gray-blue eyes the whole external despondency of the clouds and sea." And after he has talked to her of the "men who live alone in Paris," he notes that "below the sympathy we feel there is still a chasm between us." I do not wish to push this parallelism farther than it goes. In the "Aran Islands" the *Moi*, as well as the maiden, is subdued almost beyond comparison. But both men, like all the children of Chateaubriand, avail themselves of picturesque exotic scenes as a kind of sounding chamber to enlarge and reverberate the lyric cry of their own weariness in civilized life and their loneliness out of it.

#### IV.

Synge's dramas are all sad, tragedies and comedies alike, because they are all based upon a radical and hopeless disillusion. In them the native lyrical impulse, which in the poems we found checked by the cynicism of Villon, and which in the Aran Islands expanded under the influence of Loti, is again checked and controlled by the irony of Anatole France. This is no doubt a bald and over-emphatic way of putting the case, but it may serve to indicate the general modes in which foreign forces determined his talent. Synge

has been praised by many critics on the ground that he has reconciled poetry with life. In the sense that he has broken through the old "poetic diction" and invented a new poetic dialect with a fresh savor of earth in it, this is doubtless true. But in a profounder sense it is nearer the truth to say that he has widened the rift that was between them. For the drift of all his work is to emphasize the eternal hostility between a harsh and repugnant world of facts controlled by law, and the inviting realm of a lawless imagination. In one of the longest of his plays, "The Well of the Saints," this idea becomes perfectly explicit. Two blind beggars who have long pleased themselves with thinking of each other's beauty are, through a miracle, restored to sight. But the vision of "things as they are" is so hideous that they fall into a violent hatred of each other. And they are both so thankful when they go blind again that they reject with scorn the holy man's offer to repeat the miracle. This is perhaps the most elaborate expression of an idea in all Synge's works, and one is not surprised to learn that four years before the "Well of the Saints" there was performed and printed in Paris a "Chinese" play by M. George Clemenceau, called the "Voile du Bonheur," which contains identically the same idea, and which, as Mr. Howe concedes, it is "perfectly probable" that Synge knew.

For us the "Well of the Saints" is significant only as illustrating with especial clearness that profound sense of disillusion which underlies all Synge's eccentric comedies and constitutes, as I have said, his point of contact with Anatole France. The most France-like comedy that he ever conceived was never written, but the scenario is reported to us by Mr. Yeats. "Two women, a Protestant and a Catholic, take refuge in a cave, and there quarrel about religion, abusing the Pope or Henry VIII, but in low voices, for the one fears to be ravished by the soldiers, the other by the rebels. At last one woman goes out because she would sooner any fate than such wicked company." Now it is just this homeless elishness of his mirth that distinguishes Synge from Jonson and Molière and Congreve, with whose names his has been so fearlessly coupled. In all the classical comedy of the world one is made aware of the seat whence the laughing spirit sallies forth to scourge the vices or sport with the follies and affectations of men. When the play is over, something has been accomplished towards the clarification of one's feelings and ideas; after the comic catharsis, illusions dissolve and give way to a fresh vision of what is true and permanent and reasonable. Synge's comedies end in a kind of ironical bewilderment. His, indeed, is outlaw comedy with gypsy laughter com-



ing from somewhere in the shrubbery by the roadside, pealing out against church and state, and man and wife, and all the ordinances of civil life.

It is not that many of the *dramatis persone* are vagrants, but that the dramatist himself is in secret heart a vagrant, and his inmost vision of felicity is a purposeless vagabondage. What are the passages in these plays that all the critics delight to quote, and that the playgoer carries home from the theatre—fragments of them—singing in his memory? They are the passages in which some queen or beggar, touched with lyric ecstasy, expresses a longing to go roaming down the open road or into the wilderness. You will find this gypsy call in every one of Synge's dramas except the "Riders to the Sea." Even to that piece built of the heroic stuff of the bards, "Deirdre of the Sorrows," he gives the same turn: here it is a wondrously fair woman scornful a share in sovereignty and the high king of Ulster to go salmon-spearfing and vagabonding with the sons of Naisl. To this man in whose vision of joy we are invited to participate, life presents itself in its comic aspects as a juxtaposition and irreconcilable opposition of hideous realities and hopeless dreams, dreams like the glens of Nefin in the dews of night, realities like Old Mahon in the potato field—"He was a dirty man, God forgive him."

What, then, shall we say of his tragedy? Those who are sealed of the tribe of Synge speak high praise of the "Riders to the Sea," that picture of the drear old woman who has lost all her sons. As Mr. Edward O'Brien declares in the preface printed in the collective edition, this drama is set in the atmosphere of universal action; it holds the "timeless peace" that passeth all understanding. This were vision, indeed. It is a noble phrase, this "timeless peace." It connotes in my imagination the serene enduring forever of victorious heroes and saints who have passed out of tribulation. It is not, at any rate, an empty euphemism for annihilation, but a state in which those of the living dwell who, like the Stoic emperor, have caught a vision of the central beauty and abiding harmony in all the works of God. It is the mood in which all high tragedy leaves us; the still elation into which we rise when blind *Œdipus* answers the call of the god; the "calm of mind, all passion spent" with which we are dismissed by that superb last chorus in "Samson Agonistes," beginning,

All is best, though oft we doubt  
What the unsearchable dispose  
Of Highest Wisdom brings about.

Such, they tell us, is the atmosphere of "Riders to the Sea." It is like "Lear," it is like Greek tragedy; it is not, as they hasten with somewhat suspicious eagerness to say—it is not like Maeterlinck's "Home" or "The Intruder."

Synge certainly does differ from Maeterlinck in two striking respects. While the Belgian "mystic" deprives his persons of personality and locality and confers a kind of demonic personality upon death, the naturalistic Irishman steepes his lines in personality and the reek of the gray sky and the smell of the sea, and he represents death, in spite of the premonitions of Maurya, as only the old dark way of nature. But so far as what the Germans call the "inner form" is concerned, Synge gives us simply an Irish transposition of Maeterlinck. Strictly speaking, "Riders to the Sea" is not a tragedy at all, because it is not a drama. It might with more propriety be called a tragic idyll—a sombre picture, impressive enough in its kind, with the fearful whispering of the young girls, whose necks have not yet bowed beneath the ancient burden, and the gray broken old mother, who looks before and after and has passed through all illusions, sitting there patiently, passively, receiving the tidings of disaster. Protagonist in the proper sense of the word there is none; no act of the will turning against destiny as a token of human participation in that divine energy into which death resumes us all. It is this turning of the will that makes just the difference between what is drama and what is not; and between the mood with which Samson in Gaza affects us when he says, "And I shall shortly be with them that rest," and the mood with which Maurya affects us when she says, "No man at all can be living for ever, and we must be satisfied." It is the difference between Milton looking into the timeless peace and Synge looking into the noisome grave. We heard him before crying aloud under the golden lights of the oaks of Glencree that in the end black boards would cover him and he should lie with worms eternally. Just that is the tragic vision and significance of "The Riders to the Sea."

STUART P. SHERMAN.

#### NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

All the writings of Robert Curzon are of interest and most of them are very rare. He was born in London in 1810, educated at Oxford, and in 1831 was elected M. P. for Clitheroe—a borough which was disenfranchised by the Reform bill the very next year. It is not likely that the House of Commons would have been a congenial sphere for him. He travelled in the Orient, and his "Visits to the Monasteries in the East," which appeared in 1849, earned a well-merited popularity. Curzon set other travellers on the track of the manuscript treasures belonging to the Eastern monasteries. He was for a time an attaché under the fateful embassy of Stratford de Redcliffe, at Constantinople, and served on the commission for settling the boundaries of Armenia and Persia. Apparently he gave satisfaction to both sides, for Sultan and Shah alike decorated him. He wrote an excellent book on Armenia. The collection

he made of MSS. to illustrate the history of writing was remarkable and rendered his seat of Parham famous among scholars. The "Catalogue" is a thin folio of which only fifty copies were printed. The Philobiblon Society in 1854 printed in a restricted edition his "Short Account of Some of the Most Celebrated Libraries of Italy." His life of scholarly research ended in 1873. He succeeded his mother in the barony of De la Zouche, of Harringworth, a peerage created as far back as 1308, and, like some other of the older hereditary honors, not limited to heirs male.

The rarest of all Curzon's writings is:

THE LAY  
OF  
THE PURPLE FALCON;  
A METRICAL ROMANCE,  
NOW FIRST PRINTED  
FROM  
THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT  
IN THE POSSESSION OF THE HON. ROBERT CURZON.  
London:  
Printed by William Nicol, Shakespeare  
Press, Pall Mall.  
1847.

It is a quarto volume of thirty-six pages, and, as originally issued, bound in purple cloth with the title on the outside in gilt lettering. It is handsomely printed and on excellent paper. There is the autograph certificate of the printer that only thirty copies were printed. One was printed on vellum. The learned preface is in Roman characters, but the lay is printed in black-letter, and is ornamented by four outline illustrations engraved on wood. In the preface we are told that "the ancient spelling has not been completely followed, as that has been considerably altered and modernised, in the copy from which the legend has been printed." A note at the end of the MS. relates that it was the work of two persons; "the first canto and, I imagine, the beginning of the second, were originally written by Reginaldus Episcopus C—, in partibus infidelium." The rest was composed by one Robert the Rhymer, a "conynge Clerke," of whom no further account is given. If the reader will remember that Reginald Heber was Bishop of Calcutta, he will have a clue to the facts of the case. For the "Lay of the Purple Falcon" is a clever modern antique—not a forgery, but a parody of the extravagances of the old metrical romances. No one who was at all familiar with early literature would take seriously the claim made by its "editor" that it was printed from a modernized copy of an ancient MS. It is, in fact, the work of Reginald Heber and Robert Curzon. Heber, who was a very facile rhymer, composed his part of the "Lay" in 1807, whilst enjoying a moonlight walk with a friend, whose account of the incident may be read in Mrs. Heber's biography of her husband.

From the "Lay" we learn that Syr Claudius Pantagruelle was Soldan of Surrye, of Oestrich and of Cappadocle, of Cathale, and of "Böchman londe." He had seventy dukes in his train, and every morning he ate a man-child for breakfast. He was in love with "Cycelee," who declined to have anything to do with him unless he brought her a purple falcon. So he clad himself in his armor, beginning with his helmet, which was named "Alphabette," just as Charlemagne's sword was called "Joyeuse." Thus arrayed, he began a miscellaneous tour which included Naples, Pi-



cardy, Babylon, Scotland, and Italy, in that order of sequence. Reaching an enchanted forest where

. . . that cunning snake he found  
That putteth one ear to the ground,  
And in the other without fail  
He sticketh the end of his tail,  
And so he heareth not the charm  
That wizards shouten to his harm,  
And though he is not really deaf  
He heeds not what that wizard saith.

(I have not preserved the sham antique spelling.)

The Soldan, quite worn out, sits down upon a stone and prays to Mahound, Abadone, and Termagaunt, who reply by turning the stone into a soft cushion for his benefit. Curzon found this "miracle" in the life of St. Fiacre, as told in Caxton's "Golden Legend." That saint's day is August 30. Having rested, the Soldan pursues his way, and sees sitting beside a pool a boy of seven on whose wrist there perches a purple falcon. The King decides to take the bird and to eat the child, but the boy, with all the unreasonableness of his age and sex, objects, and, tossing the falcon into the air, seizes a bulrush and bids the knight "Come on." He adds that he is Virgil, the enchanter. They fight, and the "child of evil" disappears in a vapor as dense as a London fog, leaving behind him an odor of which the badness is minutely described:

And in the Cappadocia tongue,  
The good King to the falcon sung,  
Ah villain! bete te rotirai,  
Meaning, sweet bird come down, I pray.

Now what he sung that falcon knew,  
And straightway downwards he flew,  
So turning with a certain twist,  
He perched upon the good King's wrist.

The "good King" thereupon wrung the neck of the bird and stuffed the dead body into a convenient pocket, and so returned home to marry Cicely. At the marriage feast,

The tables with their burthens groaned,  
And as the tankard passed around,  
First was the heathen proverb heard,  
That, Virtue is its own reward.

So ends the "Lay of the Purple Falcon," the clever pastiche of two clever men who were not afraid of a little harmless nonsense.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

## Correspondence

### WHAT CUBA NEEDS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: To judge by the New York papers, last month's elections in Cuba appear to have been regarded by the American people with a surprise bordering on amazement. They passed off in an almost Sabbatical calm; the issue has been accepted by the defeated party, not, indeed, without much grumbling and protestations, but still without any overt acts of rebellion; and the President-elect is a gentleman who, in character and position and training, stands as far above the ordinary run of Cuban politicians as Mr. Woodrow Wilson is above the ordinary run of American politicians.

But mingling with their very just bewilderment there is also, I should judge, a sincere satisfaction among Americans that Cuba has emerged so well from its ordeal,

that the republic has received a new lease of life, and that a President has been elected, with every promise of conducting a strong, honest, and economical administration. In all the comments I have read in the American papers I have encountered nothing but a spirit of warm and deserved friendliness to Gen. Menocal personally, and of confidence in the character and success of his approaching Presidency.

Looking at the question merely as a detached Englishman, who knows America, and has twice visited Cuba, it seems to me that Cuban-American relations need something more tangible than mere expressions of good-will and an indefinite though valuable atmosphere of benevolence. If they are ever to be put on a really satisfactory footing, it is essential, so far as I can see, that the interpretation to be placed upon the Platt amendment, as well as the administrative arrangements at Washington for dealing with Cuban questions, should receive a permanent form.

I doubt whether many Americans realize the extreme incoherency of the present state of affairs. Under the Platt amendment, the United States retains the right to intervene for the purpose, to put it broadly, of warding off two calamities—*anarchy and bankruptcy*. But any one who has been at all behind the scenes of Cuban politics and administration knows perfectly well that the supervision actually exercised goes far beyond the terms of the formal compact between the island and the United States and is frequently enforced in matters that exclusively concern the Cubans themselves. In this way the Cuban Administration is largely deprived of the moral authority that every Government ought to possess, and the political inexperience which it is the sincere wish, I believe, of the American people to remove, is really perpetuated.

The fact is, the Cubans never quite know where they are, or with whom they are dealing. One day the American Minister at Havana receives instructions from the State Department; the next day he may receive contradictory instructions from the War Department or the President or the Insular Bureau; and on the day following he may have all the appearance of acting simply on his own impulses. A habit of meddling with the details of Cuban Administration and of hampering and hauling up Cuban Cabinet Ministers in the discharge of the ordinary functions of government, has thus grown up, greatly to the resentment of the rulers of the island and to the serious impairment of whatever sense of responsibility they may possess.

The Cubans believe that this prying and inquisitorial form of supervision has become customary, without the knowledge either of the American nation or of the American Congress. Being naturally a suspicious people, they look upon it as the forerunner of intervention, or, at any rate, of a concerted attempt to govern Cuba without the bother and expense of a formal occupation of the island. They have persuaded themselves that there are certain officials in the Washington departments and certain surreptitious "interests" that are conspiring against their independence; and they point out, as they well may, that Senator Root, when he was Secretary of War, expressly and officially declared that the Platt amendment was "not synonymous

with intermeddling or interference with the affairs of the Cuban Government, but the formal action of the Government of the United States, based upon just and substantial grounds."

There is another aspect of this question that well deserves attention. The highly elastic interpretation placed by the authorities at Washington upon the Platt amendment encourages every concession-hunter who has been disappointed of his prize, every contractor whose bills are disputed at Havana, every promoter or financier who has any sort of grievance against the Cuban Government, to appeal to the United States for the exercise of diplomatic pressure on his behalf. I read only yesterday in the London *Times* of an extraordinary instance of this character, an instance in which an English railway company operating in Cuba has induced the British Foreign Office to protest at Washington against a railway concession granted by the Cuban Government to an American company, and has invoked the Platt amendment to justify its protest.

With things as they are, it is the merest gallantry to speak of the Cubans as a self-governing people. There is no degree of interference with their domestic concerns, which the Platt amendment cannot be, and has not been, stretched to cover—and, to the best of my judgment, illegitimately stretched; and, in the absence of any great or well-informed public or Congressional interest in Cuba, it is, I think, an undoubted fact that subordinate officials at Washington have at times been more zealous than discreet in their dealings with the Cuban Government, and that notes, warnings, remonstrances, have rained upon the authorities in Havana with excessive and exasperating prodigality.

All this is obviously unsatisfactory. To an outsider, it looks as though the Republicans had fallen into a careless and mechanical way of dealing with Cuban affairs. But, with the advent of a new President in the United States, of a broader and more statesmanlike vision, and with an unfettered way of looking at things, and with the simultaneous election in Cuba of a President of high character and intent on furnishing an orderly and economical Administration, there seems no reason why Cuban-American relations should not be placed on a far more definite and wholesome basis.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

London, December 8.

### THOROUGHNESS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your editorial on "Thoroughness in College" (December 12) reminds me that when I was a student, nearly fifty years ago, the seniors, before receiving a certificate of qualification for graduation, were examined on all the subjects pursued during the preceding three and a half years. It was probably the general custom throughout the country at that time. Some of the "fellows" found a good deal of fault with the way the examinations were conducted by one or two of the professors, but I do not recall that anybody objected to the examinations *per se*. For instance, our class was almost unanimous in declaring that we ought not to be expected to give *verbatim* the arguments at the head of the

chapters in Paley's "Evidences" and in Butler's "Analogy." I am, however, quite sure that some of the members were able to do so.

Why should a student who has been reading Latin and Greek and mathematics almost uninterruptedly for three or four years demur to an examination in these branches? If he has read two or three dramas of Sophocles or of Euripides, he ought to be able to make a fair showing even on an unconned selection from the same author, barring, of course, the choruses. Such an examination would be a terror only to the student who had got his lessons merely for the sake of the recitation, and not for the purpose of acquiring a permanent mental possession. Some of our "boys" resorted to all manner of devices to get through; but a considerable proportion met the test squarely. Perhaps it will be found, after all, that there were some features of the college curriculum of former days which should not have been discarded.

Although I always keep in mind the injunction: "Say thou not, What is the cause that the former days were better than these? for thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this," I am constrained to believe, when comparing the impression my fellow students have left upon my mind with my later observations, that they were better educated than their successors of the twentieth century, though they were probably not in possession of so much miscellaneous information.

As a codicil to the above communication I will add some German statistics recently published, bearing on the cost of going to college. They will be interesting for comparison with those upon which you offer some comments. The ordinary expenses of the Prussian universities from 1865 to 1911 increased from 3,935,449 marks to 21,009,488 marks. The extraordinary expenses, of course, varied a good deal from year to year, but the total for this period amounted to nearly 119,000,000 marks. In the same period, the number of students increased from 7,338 to 27,913. In 1868 the expenses of the individual student were 536 marks. By 1896 they had risen to 872 marks. They then fell to 802 marks in 1905. In 1908 they were 785 marks, and in 1911, 755 marks.

CHARLES W. SUPER.

Athens, O., December 16.

#### THE LOEB CLASSICS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In Mr. Bradford's letter this week to the *Nation* in regard to the Loeb Classical Library there are two assumptions: First, that these translations are intended only for those who have fortunately retained a reading knowledge of the classics. On the contrary, as Mr. Loeb expressly says in his introduction, they are also for "those who know neither Greek nor Latin, and yet desire to reap the fruits of ancient genius and wisdom." For this latter class, and, in my opinion, for all readers, it is incumbent upon the translators to reflect, as far as is consistent with idiomatic English, both the style and the flavor of antiquity.

Mr. Bradford further assumes that all verse translation "necessarily distorts the literal meaning to an extreme degree." This, I submit, is not necessarily the case. Some verse translations are as close to the

original as the most painfully literal prose. Others, like the greater part of B. B. Rogers's admirable translations of Aristophanes, approximate very nearly. Certainly in the dialogue parts, at least, and often elsewhere, Mr. Rogers gives, as a net result, to the English reader a far truer conception of the sparkling original than has yet been conveyed by bald word-for-word translations. A fine prose translation of Aristophanes is still a desideratum, and this the editors of the series, following their policy of issuing translations either in prose or verse, according to specific circumstances, will probably give to the public in due time.

Mr. Gilbert Murray's beautiful English poetry, built up on Euripides, is openly a paraphrase. Each avowed translation, whether in prose or in verse, should be judged on its own merits of accuracy and of style in reference to its original.

FRANCIS G. ALLINSON.

Brown University, December 11.

## Literature

### THE HEART OF RELIGION.

*The Meaning of God in Human Experience.* By William Ernest Hocking. New Haven: Yale University Press. \$3 net.

On finishing this book one feels in so many different ways about it at the same time that it is difficult to make any of them articulate. The most marked impression left by the book is, perhaps, its massiveness. Not only does it contain 578 large pages, but every page bears evidence of years of patient study and thought, and every chapter brings one face to face with some of the great problems of psychology, philosophy, or theology. Even the style has a certain massive quality; with its occasional omission of verb or subject reminding one of Carlyle, and possessing much of his force—and at times much of his obscurity. The book is both very interesting and somewhat disappointing. By demonstrating very clearly and admirably the failure of most other philosophies of religion, it seems to promise—and evidently means to promise—a really satisfactory solution of the great questions of theology. Thus it keeps one almost to the end in a state of expectancy. And the strange part of it is that the author evidently feels he has kept all his promises, whereas the reader on closing the book finds that he has to return to about the same old world from which he started.

After an introductory section on the nature of religion, we come upon an admirable discussion of feeling and thought, which occupies all the ten chapters of part II, and includes some admirable criticism of Bergson, James Höfding, and other contemporary writers. Our author fully recognizes the importance of feeling in religion,

but points out that feeling is essentially unstable and is ever seeking rest and completion and guidance in some idea. Religion, indeed, is not theology, but it means to be true, and without this serious idea-content which is literally meant, all its feeling-content and everything else about it would vanish away.

Ideas, then (in religion and elsewhere), have a certain independence and a certain value of their own. "The child, the savage, and no doubt also the cray-fish, the sponge, the polyp, if they are idea-builders at all, have an interest in their world which we must call 'purely theoretical.'" And it is this purely theoretical interest in reality—such that is at the root of most of our interest in things. This interest or "apperceptive mass," this idea of the real-in-general with which one meets and values each new experience, our author calls one's "whole-idea." And "all valuing (and so all feeling) is a way of knowing objects with one's whole-idea. In some way, in valuing, appreciating, enjoying, we are using this idea-mass." "Of all ideas the idea of reality is most of all thought with. . . . With our reality-idea we think not only reality itself, but also, so far as we are able, every particular object of experience." Thus, both in our feeling and in our thinking and even in our perception, there is forever involved the thought of the real as such, or as a whole.

What is this ultimate reality which is involved in all our experience? Is it perhaps the Absolute or God? Before coming to close quarters with this question our author asks us what sort of a world we should like if we could have it for the asking. This question he discusses in three chapters, of which the third, on The Need of a God, is particularly interesting. What we most need is some way of transmuting our evil into some kind of good. The only thing that ever does that in this world is companionship. But human companionship transmutes our evil only in so far as we give a pledge to Fortune; and through the loss of the loved one still deeper sorrow may result than that from which his comradeship had raised us. Hence only something outside the field of human association can afford sufficient armor against these greatest evils:

It must be another than any finite self, something which reflects upon and in its reflection includes all finite selves and their circumstances, something, nevertheless, with which any finite self may become associated in some infallible manner. This seems to me the point in which a God becomes necessary. In God we have the notion of an Other-than-all-men, and an Other whose relation to me is not subject to evil through its own defect; one from whom, therefore, I can anticipate no pain that must refer me to still another for its transmuting. It is not the power of God; it is not God as miracle-worker; it is not even God as vindic-



cator; it is, rather, God as intimate, infallible associate, present in all experience as that by which I, too, may firmly conceive that experience from the outside. It is God in this personal relation that alone is capable of establishing human peace of mind, and thereby human happiness.

We come now upon the core of the whole argument, namely, in part iv, *How Men Know God*. "The original source of the knowledge of God is an experience which might be described as an experience of not being alone in knowing the world, and especially the world of Nature." Nature, or the physical world, we experience as other than ourselves and as being the common object of us and of our social fellows. We are directly conscious of our social fellows, but conscious of them only because we have this common object. In fact, it is in physical objects that we see our fellows; selves are manifested to us only through such objects. Physical nature, as a whole, moreover, has a certain independence of all of us and, in fact, is creative of us and of our thought. And "my dependence upon Nature, my momentary submission to this independent, obstinate, objective decision of what Fact and Truth shall be, both in principle and in detail—is not this a finding of my own mind? It is here, in this momentary (as well as permanent) creation of my Self that I begin, I say, to find Nature taking on the aspect of an Other Mind. For if the full-fledged otherness of that which is thus over against me cannot be doubted, neither can it be doubted that this which so immediately becomes Self, makes Self, is already a Self even in its otherness—namely, an Other Self."

There is something in this proof of God's existence calculated to take away one's breath. The reader feels that the most important part of the performance must have gone on behind the scenes. One thought one was confronted with physical nature, and lo! suddenly God is present. And the rather provoking part of it is that the author writes as if his readers had been behind the scenes with him and had understood as well as he does how it all was done. Not that he is really inconsiderate in the matter. In the two following chapters he goes back and expounds his proof at length. His method of demonstration is a serious attempt to revive the ontological argument, which he regards as the only trustworthy proof of God's existence. But in spite of the new terms in which he puts it, most of his readers will feel but little more convinced than after listening to St. Anselm or Descartes.

The last two parts of the book deal with mysticism and worship, revelation and inspiration. Professor Hocking has studied the mystics not only with care, but with great sympathy, and his treatment of worship is particularly helpful.

The student of the psychology of religion will find much of value in these last sections.

But the book is meant not for the psychologist chiefly, but for the human being, in a large sense, who is reflecting seriously over the problems of nature and destiny. And though such a reader may not be convinced of the tenability of our author's proof of the existence of God, he will find a large and noble conception of religion, its place in human life, and the validity of its various expressions, which will make the book of real philosophical and human worth.

#### CURRENT FICTION.

##### [PROVINCIAL COMEDY.]

*Mrs. Ames*. By E. F. Benson. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

*A Bachelor Comedy*. By J. E. Buckrose. New York: George H. Doran Co.

*A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill*. By Alice Hegan Rice. New York: The Century Co.

Mr. Benson has won his share of applause in the past by the exercise of a mildly satirical humor. In one or two of the later stories his nonchalance of the expert entertainer has approached the point of insolence. He has appeared to think it hardly worth while to exert himself beyond the minimum, and some of his readers, who have paid him the compliment of expecting his best, may have feared that it was all over with him. But in "*Mrs. Ames*" he has actually done what we expected of him. It is more spontaneous, richer in humor, more finished, than any of its predecessors. Its setting is that of the majority of novels now being written by Londoners, the provincial or suburban town. Suburban is the better word for Mr. Benson's "*Riseborough*"; its point of view and its manners are considerably more aware of the urban standard than those of, say, the Five Towns. But the urbanity of your suburbs is only skin-deep; in its real being it is often more provincial than the provinces. Our *Mrs. Ames* is the wife of a retired major, and her right to queen it over *Riseborough* society is the right of a gentlewoman who would not find herself abashed in the presence of any sort of royalty. But her realm is a narrow one, and is therefore the more readily to be focused under a ray of humor. Major Ames himself has his club, not without its comforts and elegances, where with other worthy gentlemen (chiefly retired also) he is at liberty to do what city clubmen do. But the group is small, and the same ten men in the same ten chairs will be hard put to it, in time, for objects of interest. The ladies of *Mrs. Ames's* court are similarly restricted, and for men and women alike the one unfailling and inexhausti-

ble amusement is gossip. *Mrs. Ames* and her major are above the more pusillanimous moves of the game. The real experts are the Althams, an inimitable pair, who play the part of chorus in the little drama.

"*A Bachelor Comedy*" is not an improvement on "*Down Our Street*," or even on "*Love in a Little Town*." No *Mrs. Bean* adorns the pages of this narrative; there are comic figures as broad, but not even approximately as deep. This is romance rather than comedy, and romance in attenuated form. The bachelor is a young parson, promoted from a London curacy to a country living. With the heart of an undergraduate, he aspires to the dignity of a bishop. He finds his hands full at *Gaythorpe-on-the-Marsh*, not so much of clerical duties as of personal problems, prominent among which is the duty of subduing his curls and other secular attributes to the requirements of the cloth. There is a friendly county family in the neighborhood, and in it a fair Miss Elizabeth, whose destiny is clear from the moment of her appearance on page 32. Now, of course, true love cannot be permitted to have everything its own way, but it does seem as if, in this year of grace, certain ancient obstacles which are still permitted to moulder in true love's path might be cleared out of the way. Such is the obstacle here. The parson loves Elizabeth and knows that Elizabeth loves him. In fact, he has half-proposed to her. But he promises his rival, if he will give up drink, not to say anything more till a certain date. The rival also is to keep silence; but, of course, he doesn't, and of course the girl accepts him to please her family, and fails to marry him (though she is not left ignorant of the parson's feeling) only through an accident. The theory is that the parson is noble for deserting his Elizabeth in order to reform the rival, and that she is noble because she is ready to marry one man when she loves another.

The plot of *Mrs. Rice's* new story hinges upon a similar device. Miss Lady (who is much like *Mrs. Buckrose's* Elizabeth, who is strikingly like all other heroines of this type of romantic comedy) has exchanged vows, or their equivalent, with Don Morley, a young scapegrace who promises to reform for her sake. That night fate and *Mrs. Rice* involve him in a tavern brawl. A man is shot, and Morley, for reasons nowhere explained, disappears. Suspicion naturally falls upon him. Miss Lady doesn't believe him guilty, but her father does, and she promises him, as he sets out on a few days' journey, that she will not see Morley or read his letters till the father's return. The father is killed in a railway accident on his way back. Therefore he does not return; therefore, when a letter presently comes from Morley, Miss Lady burns it unread, and



marries a stage professor twice her age, who thinks of nothing but his books, but is fortunately delicate, and thus ready for elimination at the moment when Morley's legal acquittal and début as a "best-seller" leave him and Miss Lady free to enjoy life together according to the original plan. What procures his acquittal is the timely curing of a dumb boy who has witnessed the crime! There are humorous figures in the story, and if no Mrs. Wiggs, at least a Myrtella who is not unworthy to move in the Wiggian circle. But why all this melodrama?

*George Helm.* By David Graham Phillips. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This is another posthumous story of a writer whose industry kept him always years ahead of the press; and it is much better than most of the stories by Mr. Phillips which have been printed since his death—a very fair example of his work. It reveals his habitual reverence for the uncouth strong man of the people, and his habitual, uneasy contempt for "society" in all its manifestations. Of course, the uncouth strong man marries the spoiled child of society, and reforms her.

George Helm is a tall, awkward young man who makes his way from a farm to an Ohio town, equipped with a Prince Albert coat and a red beard. He becomes a town butt, and his beard brings about a facetious nomination for circuit judge. The day after his nomination he shaves off the beard and reveals a strong, intellectual face; campaigns in earnest, and is only defeated by dishonesty at the polls. From that time on success is assured—at least to the eye of the experienced reader. Indeed, it is only a year or two before he is chosen Governor of the State. This happens against the wishes of both parties, which are in league to defraud The People, and are under the thumb of an oligarchy, one of the most rascally chiefs whereof is father to the haughty but amenable damsel who is destined to be Mrs. Helm. All the well-bred persons in the story (the novelist says they are well-bred) are haughty and rascally; but this the readers of Mr. Phillips's other novels will not take to be a special reflection upon the aristocracy of Ohio.

*The Honourable Mrs. Garry.* By Mrs. Henry de la Pasture (Lady Clifford). New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Mrs. de la Pasture seems definitely to have outgrown her earlier manner. The innocent and clinging maiden no longer marries the baronet old enough to be her father. Sentiment no longer bathes the scene in rosy light. We fear that not a few of the gentle readers who so warmly greeted the writer of "sweet-pretty" stories must now be wondering

if their trust has been altogether justified.

The Honourable Mrs. Garry is the Erica Clow of "Master Christopher." That narrative, it will be recalled, left her betrothed to the wealthy but sottish Christopher Thorverton. He is clearly capable of salvation, and his devotion to Erica is by no means ignoble. She, however, has accepted him purely for his money. She is the feminine worshipper of luxury who will pay any price, within the bounds of a legal relation, to get what she wants. Without experience of love, she is far more strongly attracted to several men than to her promised husband. One of them, Tom Garry, eldest son of an impecunious Irish peer, loves her deeply. On the eve of marriage Christopher hears her tell Garry that she prefers him, but is determined to marry Christopher. Christopher throws her over, she appeals to Garry, and he marries her at once. The substance of the present story lies in Garry's gradual discovery that his wife is anything but the noble character he has imagined her. She, for her part, makes an attempt to live up to his theory of her; but she is incapable of exertion in the interest of others, and when accident cuts off his life he has already lost interest in it. Another good-natured young aristocrat stands ready to fill poor Tom Garry's shoes—a far less intelligent and far wealthier man. Meanwhile there is emerging a more dominant figure—that of a brilliant and cynical Jew who, understanding Erica, is yet desirous of her. We perceive that the bride of poor Lord Finguar is not likely to find her relation with him the final experience. A third story dealing with Erica is promised.

#### THE AFRICAN REPUBLIC.

*The Union of South Africa:* With Chapters on Rhodesia and the Native Territories of the High Commission. By W. Basil Worsfold. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$3 net.

Mr. Worsfold, who was editor of the *Johannesburg Star* in 1904-5, and who since then has written several books on South Africa, has put forth in the present volume one of the best representatives of the All Red series. It is more comprehensive and serviceable than any book of its kind. The material has been collected with care, and the story is told with great clearness.

The book is divided into five sections. In the first Mr. Worsfold describes the physical characteristics of the vast stretch of country south of the Zambesi, the native races and the Semitic occupations; and recounts the history of European colonization, giving special attention to the rule of the Dutch East India Company and to the permanent British rule in Cape Colony and Natal in the period from 1806 to 1910. One of

the most valuable chapters in this first section, and one of the most informing in the book, is that in which Mr. Worsfold traces the various native policies of the British Government. More than four and a half million natives are now within the confines of the Union and under its control; while the responsibilities of the Imperial Government have gradually been reduced since 1884-85—the year of the Bechuanaland occupation—until to-day it has not more than a million and a quarter natives under its supervision, including those in Basutoland, Swaziland, and Bechuanaland, as well as those in southern Rhodesia, which is not in the Union and is administered by the Chartered Company. Mr. Worsfold realizes that the native problem was not settled by the Union; but he is convinced that the task of the Union Government must be lightened by having inherited the honorable traditions of the British Government.

In the second section of his book Mr. Worsfold briefly sketches the movements and the influences that brought about the Union, and describes the new governments—the Union Government and the provincial administrations—and the financial and administrative reorganization that followed the Union. A sketch is also included of the Supreme Court of South Africa which was created at the Union. The author's genius for clear statement serves him admirably in these chapters, and in particular where he is concerned with the differences between the power of the governor-general and the power of the governor-general-in-council. The quite important difference in these powers is not peculiar to the Constitution of the Union of South Africa. It is more or less common to the Constitutions of all the oversea dominions; and a realization of the difference as defined by Mr. Worsfold will help to end the misconception in this country as to the actual power—much less than is commonly supposed—of the governor-general at Ottawa. In describing the relations of the native population to the Union Parliament, Mr. Worsfold shows that it is only in Cape Colony that natives exercise the parliamentary franchise. Members of the first Senate, that which came into existence in 1910—whether nominated or elected—hold office for ten years; and precautions were taken that the native population of Natal, the Transvaal, and the Orange Free State should not be completely ignored. One-half of the nominated Senators from each province, it is provided, must be selected mainly on the ground of their thorough acquaintance with the reasonable wants and wishes of the colored races. Mr. Worsfold regards this as a useful, if limited, effort to provide for the special legislative requirements of the colored as distinct from the European population. It is a case of virtual

representation—the kind of representation that non-electors in England before 1832 were told was substantially as serviceable as direct representation. It was not of much value to the large unrepresented cities of England in the period between the American Revolution and the Reform Act. Time will show whether this indirect representation will be of real value to the native populations of these three provinces which have always resolutely refused to follow the example of Cape Colony and give the natives direct representation in Parliament.

Rhodesia and the native territories under the administration of the High Commissioners are described in the third section. Mr. Worsfold quotes figures in regard to population and mining and trade which seem to warrant hopefulness. Rhodesia, he shows, has benefited from the experience of the older South African colonies, and, unlike the other provinces, except perhaps Natal, has no complications of nationality. The Dutch-Africans who have settled in Rhodesia have identified themselves in sentiment, language, and manner of life with their more numerous British neighbors. There are no racial conflicts there; no difficulties about language or bi-lingual schools; and English is the only language used in politics, in business, and in social intercourse. The people of Rhodesia pride themselves on their freedom from the bi-lingual incubus; and Mr. Worsfold is convinced that Rhodesia will not seek admission to the Union so long as union involves a sacrifice of her immunity from race conflicts or a diminution of her administrative efficiency.

Chapters on labor supply, on railways and telegraphs, on the mines at Kimberley, at Johannesburg, and in Rhodesia; on agriculture and stock raising, and on trade and commerce, almost encyclopedic in their detail, form the fifth part of this book. They constitute the best survey of industrial and economic conditions in South Africa that has been published since the war. In the concluding chapters on political and social conditions, Mr. Worsfold is outspoken in his comparison of South Africa with Canada, with Australia, and with New Zealand as a field for British immigration. He concedes what has long been understood by observers of all four of the overseas dominions, that South Africa does not present the field for emigrants that is offered by the other three dominions, and in particular by Canada. The native races, from which all manual labor is drawn, and the high cost of living, exclude British unskilled labor, and the demand for mechanics and clerks is small. Prices are not so high as they were during the war and in the years immediately following. They have been coming down to an appreciable extent the past few years, but

three hundred pounds a year is still regarded as only a living wage for an English artisan with a family in Johannesburg.

*Men, Women, and Minxes.* By Mrs. Andrew Lang. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.25 net.

This book was in the press at the time of Mr. Lang's death. He had helped choose the contents, and had furnished a prefatory note to the effect that "anecdotes and entertainment, rather than severe speculations, historical and social, are the *sarrago libelli*—the burden of the book." It is a selection from papers contributed by Mrs. Lang, during the past quarter-century, to various English periodicals—fresh material, therefore, to most American readers. The table of contents suggests a range of interests such as we have been wont to associate with the name Lang. Nearly half of these papers, to be sure, deal with eighteenth-century manners, English, French, and Scottish. Madame de Genlis is sketched as "A Poseuse of the Eighteenth Century," Grimm as "A Paris Correspondent of 1753"; and there are papers on Rousseau and the Baron de Frenilly. British society in the eighteenth century is studied under such titles as "Morals and Manners in Richardson," "The Home-Life of the Vernons," and "Records of a Scotch Family." A number of these articles appeared originally as reviews, of that leisurely English species which is not even yet obsolete in its native habitat. Mrs. Lang has an instinct for the quaintnesses of past fashions and manners, and a shrewd humor in recording them which has a tang of its own.

The essay on morals and manners as painted by Richardson is particularly good. His ignorance of the manners of good society was, she asserts, gross enough to justify the complaints of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and Lord Chesterfield. "But the blame lies not in Richardson's want of knowledge of what he never had the opportunity of acquiring, but in the fact that he did not confine his stories to the condition of life of which his personal experience qualified him to speak." Making all possible allowance for his initial mistake in attempting the thing at all, his blunders remain almost incredible. Sir Charles Grandison is an intelligible monster; for all Richardson's men are monsters, at one end or the other of the moral scale. Women he knew. Of Clarissa Mrs. Lang says: "One marvels how a man who could have conceived her in her single-minded simplicity could have likewise painted the embodiment of self-conscious swagger that goes by the name of Mr. B., or the galvanized puppet that struts to and fro upon earth under the title of Sir Charles Grandison." But this man's knowledge of the

female heart did not entail familiarity with feminine manners above the social rank of a Pamela. To Clarissa and his other damsels of supposed breeding he ascribed a degree of independence such as is hardly the portion of the well-born British maiden, even in this emancipated day. At eighteen Clarissa is an heiress in full command of a fortune. She oversees her own estate, has always about her a hundred guineas or so of pocket-money, and spends extravagant sums on dress, even from the modern point of view. She pays and receives visits without benefit of chaperon, travels alone—outdoes, in short, the modern American girl in her own particular field of distinction. No wonder that sensitive spirit, Lady Mary Wortley, was outraged at this kind of misrepresentation.

An intimate quality marks these papers as a whole, and a number of them are familiar essays without disguise. "Trials of the Wife of a Literary Man," "Art in Country Inns and Lodging-Houses," "Poets as Landscape Painters," and "Other People's Friends," are all amusing in their kind.

*Americans and Others.* By Agnes Repplier. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.10 net.

These essays on various aspects of contemporary manners contain something of that dry and clarified sweetness and light which we find in the letters of Dr. Johnson's lady friends, and which might be explained as the product of Georgian classicism and feminine finesse. They preserve the mean of a cultivated drawing-room style: they are neat without primness, witty without paradox, satirical without malice, and serious without lapsing into homily. They are well nourished with select reading, intelligent travel, and shrewd observation of men and women.

If we should hint a defect, there is a trace here and there of the professional essayist's "anthologizing" habit. The true child of the tribe of Montaigne always appears to be writing because he has read and observed; the professional essayist appears to be reading and observing because he is to write. The one seems to offer the fruits of experience and the image of a man; the other seems to offer the fruits of browsing and a cento from the five-foot shelf. The American school of "informal essayists" is deeply tainted by this pestilent habit, and there is—oh, just a suspicion of it in the essays of Miss Repplier. When we have said that, we have said enough; for there is really a distinct and decisive character—if not much "temperament"—informing these pleasant discourses. They advocate, for example, and exemplify the tactful application of common sense to the conduct of life. They reveal throughout a disciplined



serenity of temper which one associates with certain fine gentlewomen of the previous generation, and, in the present generation, as the acidulous Hazlitt would say, with certain fine serving-women from Virginia.

The defect in American humor, says Miss Repplier, comparing our comic spirit with that of Molière and Carlyle, is that "it lacks, for the most part, a logical basis and the dignity of a supreme aim." Her own humor has perhaps no very solid logical core, but it reposes securely enough upon a clear and just conception of good breeding. For penetrating moral sense and an almost Johnsonian pungency of expression we commend her exposure of the fallacy underlying the romantic coupling of rudeness with sincerity in a *Question of Politeness*: "A man may be cruelly candid to his associates, and a cowardly hypocrite himself. . . . He may wound the pride and hurt the feelings of all with whom he comes in contact, and never give his own soul the benefit of one good knockdown blow." Nothing could be more gently and at the same time persuasively satirical than the circular series of letters without comment, in which she shows how American society women discharge the burden of charity. Original, too, and happy in conception is her essay on Goodness and Gayety, depending on the question, "Can surly virtue hope to find a friend?" and stuffed with proofs that even sanctity and wit should lie down together—proof drawn from the writings of saints, popes, and church fathers. And what in this heyday of neurasthenia could be more wholesome and more timely than her quotation from Marcus Aurelius at the close of her bantering paper on *The Nervous Strain*?—"Take pleasure in one thing and rest in it, passing from one social act to another, thinking of God." This is her antidote to the advice of comfortable doctors to comfortable ladies in comfortable homes, "to avoid the strain of anything and everything which makes the game of life worth living."

*Napoleon's Last Campaign in Germany, 1813.* By F. Lorraine Petre. New York: John Lane Co. \$3 net.

The author of this volume has succeeded in telling clearly and accurately the details of one of the most confused and complicated campaigns in history. He has gathered his information from Napoleon's own dispatches, from the memoirs of eye-witnesses and participants, and from the best recent secondary authorities in French and German. He writes as a military critic rather than as a political historian; and he can make a striking comparison of what Napoleon did in 1813 with what the Japanese did in the war against Russia, or with what he hap-

pened to see in the French manoeuvres last summer. He is at great pains to give the precise figures of the numbers engaged and the detailed action of different corps or battalions. He has a keen eye for the military possibilities of different kinds of ground, and, like Carlyle, describes many of his battlefields after having tramped over them himself. In his detailed, though crudely executed, maps it is always easy to follow the narrative of his text.

In analyzing Napoleon's movements in 1813, Mr. Petre has the advantage of ripeness of judgment due to his having already studied carefully Napoleon's earlier campaigns. In two previous volumes on Napoleon's conquest of Prussia and of Poland in 1806-7, he was dealing with the Emperor at the culminating point of his military genius; in a volume on the campaign of 1809 he showed how the great master was failing to live up to his wonderful previous record. In this volume on the campaign of 1813 he finds that "it is only at times that the flame of Napoleon's genius burns with its old vigor." Time after time Napoleon seemed to lose sight of the real objective and to hanker after the occupation of mere geographical points, the attainment of which would inevitably have followed on success in the true objective—the decisive defeat of the enemy's main army. He pictures Napoleon sitting at Düben in doubt and uncertainty in a way which can hardly be imagined of the conqueror of Ulm, of Austerlitz, and of Jena. He recalls how the news of a French division defeat threw Napoleon into such childish temper that he discharged his pistol at a cur which ran out and barked at him, and when he missed fire he hurled the pistol at the dog. But at other times the Emperor evinced an extraordinary equanimity at bad news. He heard of Ney's defeat at Dennewitz with the utmost calm and without a word of reproach for the unfortunate marshal. He laid the defeat to the difficulties of the art of war which he lamented were so little understood. It was in relation to this event he made the curious remark that no great soldier, except Turenne, had ever learned much of war by experience, and that he himself, in the fulness of his experience, had never done anything better than his first campaign in Italy.

But while pointing out that Napoleon did not keep to the extraordinarily high level of genius of his earlier campaigns, Mr. Petre is right and fair in making due allowance for the greater difficulties which he had to meet. For fifteen years his enemies had been learning wisdom and strength from the very lessons which Napoleon had been inflicting upon them. They were beginning to be filled with that wonderful feeling of nationality and patriotism which heretofore had been such a potent force on the side of

the French alone. They were now a whole people risen to fight for home and country, instead of regiments of serfs or mercenaries forced to fight for a dynasty. Leaders like Blücher had learned from the master the value of speed in decision and action, and, by rapidly advancing and retreating, clung to the edge of Napoleon's lines with a fatal persistency. Under these new conditions, when Napoleon's front extended in a long line from the Baltic to Bohemia, his centralized system of command broke down. He had to wage war with armies entrusted to his marshals, instead of with a single army of moderate dimensions always controllable by himself; and his marshals did not prove equal to the tasks expected of them. Commanding a unit of the army which the Emperor controlled had not fitted them for independent commands of their own. This danger was aptly summed up in Marmont's prophetic warning, "I fear greatly lest on the day which your Majesty has gained a victory and believe you have won a decisive battle you may learn that you have lost two." Sure enough, a few days after this was written, Napoleon, victorious at Dresden, learned of the disastrous defeats of MacDonald on the Katzbach, of Oudinot at Gross-Beeren, and of Vandamme at Kulm.

## Notes

The Index of the *Nation*, July to December, will be printed with the issue of January 2.

Mr. Stephen Phillips has been appointed editor of the *Poetry Review*, the name now given to the journal of the Poetry Society.

Francis Seymour Stevenson is publishing, through Jarrold & Co., "A History of Montenegro."

The best French novel of the year was M. Jacques Morel's "Feuilles Mortes." If we may accept the judgment of the *Vie Heureuse*, which has so awarded the prize.

The opening, a few weeks ago, of an underground "book-store" near the Radcliffe Camera basement to relieve pressure on the Bodleian Library occasioned a considerable flutter at Oxford. There was a numerous gathering of members of Congregation, and Bodley's librarian, Mr. Falconer Madan, explained at length the history of the undertaking and furnished statistics. This storeroom, to which books least in demand have been consigned,

is about 126 feet long, with an average breadth of 72 feet, and the height of the two floors is 18 feet; it can contain, when filled with iron book-stacks, over a million octavos. At present we have 200 stacks out of 1,500, and the volumes here are about 120,000. There are in the whole library about 1,700,000 separate pieces, but, owing to the old practice of binding several works together, there are not more than about 800,000 volumes as they stand on the shelves. The increase is well over 200 a day from one year's end to another; and this place will last us about twenty-

five years. Then a second will be erected on the other side of the Camera. The cost of the whole building was £12,000. No money had to be spent on site or architecture.

The Nobel Committee of the Norwegian Parliament has just transmitted to the United States and other countries the regulations covering the next award of the Nobel Peace Prize, which is to be made December 10, 1913. Proposals of candidates for the honor must be laid before the Nobel Committee by some duly qualified person before the 1st of February, 1913. This "duly qualified person" may be any of the following: (1) Members and late members of the Nobel Committee of the Norwegian Parliament, as well as the advisers appointed at the Norwegian Nobel Institute; (2) members of Parliament and members of Government of the different states, as well as members of the Interparliamentary Union; (3) members of the International Arbitration Court at The Hague; (4) members of the Commission of the Permanent International Peace Bureau; (5) members and associates of the Institute of International Law; (6) university professors of political science and of law, of history, and of philosophy; and (7) persons who have received the Nobel Peace Prize. The Nobel Peace Prize may also be awarded to an institution or association.

The *American-Scandinavian Review*, a bi-monthly publication issued from No. 507 Fifth Avenue, New York, for the purpose of cultivating closer intellectual relations between the people of the United States and those of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, includes in its first number: Sonnets by Dr. Maurice Francis Egan, American Minister to Denmark, a translation of a short sketch by Strindberg, articles on industrial conditions in Scandinavia, etc.

Between the earlier part of the life of Fanny Burney, described in Miss Constance Hill's "House in St. Martin's Street," and the later part, described in her "Juniper Hall," lies the great episode in the royal palace. This episode Miss Hill has now made the subject of a third volume, "Fanny Burney at the Court of Queen Charlotte" (Lane). Like the earlier volumes, this is composed largely of extracts from Miss Burney's "Diary," with a kind of running comment by the editor. In this case Miss Hill has had the privilege "of studying carefully the seven volumes of the 'Diary and Letters' in the original MS., from which she has introduced into her account certain cancelled passages, containing "amusing scenes which probably their writer considered too light and trivial to place before the world," and others which "throw light on Fanny's more intimate feelings and sentiments." She has also made use of other contemporary biographies to check or complement Miss Burney's comments on various personages of the court. For those who are frightened by the bulk of the "Diary" itself, we can recommend this pleasant volume heartily, and even those who are at home in the original will find profit in the explanations and additions of the present editor. The book, like its predecessors, is delightfully illustrated with reproductions of contemporary portraits and with drawings by the editor's sister, Miss Ellen G. Hill.

It is, obviously, the coming up again of Irish Home Rule that has led to the publica-

tion of "Aspects of Home Rule" (Dutton), by Arthur James Balfour. The volume is made up of selections from his speeches, only one of which is later than 1893. This necessarily gives the volume a somewhat archaic flavor, though it must be confessed that the great debates of the eighties and nineties left little that is new to be discovered later.

Mrs. Talmage has edited the autobiographical sketches left by her husband and has contributed four chapters covering the last few years of his life, in a volume entitled, "T. De Witt Talmage as I Knew Him" (Dutton). It need not be said that the narrative of the final years is told with sympathy and fidelity to fact. The chapters left by Dr. Talmage himself are such as one would expect who had read his sermons and knew the man. It is not strange that such a preacher attracted large audiences and claimed many thousands of constant readers. One would not look to a volume thus composed for an analysis of his limitations.

In "From My Hunting Day-Book" (Doran), by his Imperial and Royal Highness the Crown Prince of the German Empire and of Prussia, translated from the German by J. E. Hodder Williams, the author apologizes needlessly for these sketches as the work of a hand "more skilled in the use of bridle, rifle, and alpenstock than the pen." We have not the German text at hand for comparison, but the few infelicities of expression serious enough to annoy are clearly the work of the translator. The Prince is an enthusiastic sportsman, and the brief chapters here presented bring the joys of the chase to the reader in great variety, ranging from the shooting of grouse and capercaillie in Scotland and the Black Forest, respectively, to elephants in Ceylon and crocodiles, tigers, and wild buffalo in the delta of the Ganges. Though participating with the King of Italy in an ibex "drive," with scores of "beaters" to bring up the game, the Prince does not hesitate to assign a decidedly low rank to this form of the chase as compared with "stalking." The shooting of driven game, he holds, is merely a question of marksmanship, rather in the nature of a shooting exercise than sport. From cover to cover there is no trace of that savage delight in the mere quantity of game killed by which the sporting literature of an earlier day was wont to be marred. In fact, apart from any question of game at all, the chase makes a strong appeal to the spiritual side of his nature. "The great book of nature opens itself willingly and without your asking before the eyes of a true hunter. In the glowing sunrise; in the silence of the midday hour, when tired nature sleeps; in the soft dusk of the evening, spreading its peace over wood and dale; in the wild, shrieking mountain gales; in all these great glories, Nature speaks to us lonely hunters in ever-varying, ever-mighty voice, singing to us the high song of the Creator of all things." The volume is illustrated with about thirty excellent photographs.

The Century Co. has published in book form "Everybody's St. Francis," by Maurice F. Egan, with pictures by Boutet de Monvel. The pictures have the quaint naïveté characteristic of all that artist's work, and those in color are excellently reproduced.

There is a certain childishness, too, in Mr. Egan's style, particularly in its enthusiasm for edibles—"luscious sweetmeats," "luscious jellies tinted with cinnamon"—and in its frequent disregard of the ordinary grammatical proprieties, the more interesting on the part of a professor (emeritus) of the English language. So long as Mr. Egan follows the "Floretti" his narrative runs along well enough—except when he relates (with a correspondingly labelled illustration) how the people of Assisi fed the wolf of Gubbio. But when Mr. Egan essays literary remark or historical comment he moves uncertainly. The first of three references to Dante tells us that he damned Frederick for luxury, the second that he first saw Beatrice in church, and the third that he might never have written in Italian had it not been for the "Canticos of the Sun." And we are informed that "when an enraptured girl elopes at midnight in our day to meet her future husband, nobody but the prudent condemn," whereas "in the Middle Ages even the prudent did not condemn"; and that "Asceticism in the Middle Ages did not imply that nature was evil or the legitimate pleasures of the world evil, but only that the non-ascetic might not become 'fat and scant of breath' when devotion to things higher than nature might be needed." One is relieved to discover that the title, "Everybody's St. Francis," means only that St. Francis was a man who appealed to everybody—not, as might be inferred, that this is a book which everybody ought to own. It is not; it is only the ideal St. Francis for the parlor table.

An interesting addition to the rapidly lengthening list of books for the embryo reporter is Grant Milnor Hyde's "Newspaper Reporting and Correspondence" (Appleton). The volume is the result of the writer's own newspaper experience and of his work as an instructor in journalism at the University of Wisconsin. It does not exploit theories, but presents crisply, yet with fulness of illustration, the business of gathering and writing news as it confronts the beginner. Now and then Mr. Hyde finds himself compelled to write of things as they should be, rather than as he conceives them to be actually. Very few dramatic critics, he believes, are so fortunate as to be able to say exactly what they think about a play. Nevertheless, "for the purpose of a more complete study of the subject," he considers "only dramatic criticism that is not restricted by editorial dictum or by the requirements of paid-space." On such large views is his presentation founded. At the same time, the comprehensiveness of his chapters, coupled with the practical character of the appendices in which he offers suggestions for study and exercises to be corrected, makes the book one of the best texts that have appeared in this new field. His list of "Don'ts" needs revision at the hands of some one who really knows the English language.

"The Indians of the Terraced Houses" (Putnam), by Charles Francis Saunders, falls into the class of "pleasant books" which describe superficially but delightfully the native peoples of the Southwest. It is inferior to Professor Prudden's "On the Great American Plateau" in its scope. The two books, both brought out by the same publisher, cover about the same country.



The appeal is timely "to arrest the disintegration and sure extinction of these little Pueblo republics, an extinction toward which the present well-intentioned but misdirected governmental interference is inevitably tending." In the description of a country where it is necessary to use a large number of Spanish words, it is difficult to understand why the author feels called upon further to encumber his text with many foreign words in other languages.

Mrs. Mabel S. C. Smith attempts to impart "The Spirit of French Letters" (Macmillan), including its political and economic connection with each period, in a volume of 374 pages, of which even the quotations are in English translation. The task is an impossible one; no wonder she has not succeeded. But it is fair to add that though Mrs. Smith dared too much, "l'audace était belle." The narrative, so necessarily brief, is sensible; the extracts are, on the whole, representative, and the relations of history and literature are intelligently indicated. But seven and a half lines of appreciation can scarcely make the novice understand Sainte-Beuve, even if followed by six pages of quotation from an essay. Nor do half a dozen lines apiece enable one to get much idea of Anatole France or Brunetière. The plan of the book demands a setting for the extracts three times as full as the actual one. Even then, in a work entirely in English, one would have the facts, rather than the spirit, of French literature.

Prof. Marion D. Learned's "Guide to the Manuscript Materials relating to American History in the German State Archives" (Washington: Carnegie Institution) adds another to the bibliographical helps with which the Bureau of Historical Research of the Carnegie Institution is gradually equipping the historian. Lack of time has made it necessary to confine the present guide, almost exclusively, to the archives of the several states of the Empire, including Alsace-Lorraine and the Hanseatic cities of Bremen, Hamburg, and Lübeck; but of these there are upwards of fifty, although eighteen are found in Prussia alone, and ten in Bavaria. The documents, most of which are now for the first time listed in usable form, open a wealthy mine to the student, only a small part of whose riches have hitherto been explored. In addition to a vast array of material, including voluminous lists of names, relating to almost every phase of German emigration to America, one finds virtually complete documentary data for the history of the German troops in this country during the Revolution; the diplomatic negotiations of the Revolutionary period, notably the correspondence between Arthur Lee and Schulenburg, the Minister of Frederick the Great; and the early problems of German-American trade. Included in the survey are the Moravian documents at Herrnhut and in the Grand Ducal Archives at Weimar, and those at Breslau relating to the Schwenkfelders. Only for the Palatinate are the present-day archives seriously lacking in completeness, and that gap is in part supplied by the Palatinate papers preserved in other South German states. An excellent introduction, historical and descriptive, and an index add to the usefulness of this important volume. It is much to be wished that Professor

Learned's work may be completed by a survey of the American material in municipal and ecclesiastical repositories.

"Pilgrim Life in the Middle Ages" (Houghton Mifflin) is a title of such promise that the reader's interest is stimulated even before a line be read. Unfortunately, in the present volume, by Sidney Heath, the promise is not well fulfilled. What Mr. Heath has done he has not done badly, though it would be idle to say that the work, even so far as it goes, is marked by any distinction; our complaint is that, with such a field for exploration, the results given us are more meagre than we had a right to expect. What a wealth of material and what possibilities of color such a theme contains the most casual student of mediævalism knows. Only in the history of pilgrimages that survive today, as, for instance, the important though little known one to the shrine of La Trinità, in the mountains of the Abruzzi, is a vast store of interesting matter inviting research. Mr. Heath, however, has dealt in the most perfunctory manner with the pilgrimages of Continental Europe, virtually confining his attention to his native England. Indeed, he does not at any time venture very far beyond the safe and beaten track of the "Canterbury Tales," and the shrine of Beckett looms unduly large in a work bearing so comprehensive a title. As a fairly readable collation of historical data concerning pilgrimage in England, the book would merit moderate praise; under its present title it is wholly inadequate to the subject.

Prof. L. M. Larson, of the University of Illinois, already favorably known to historical specialists by his studies in early Danish history, has added an excellent biography of "Canute the Great" to the Heroes of Nations series (Putnam). "Canute's career is the history of Danish imperialism carried to a swift realization." In England and in Norway, as well as in Denmark and along the southern shores of the Baltic, he achieved what his ancestors had attempted in vain; he built up a great northern empire. The steps in the growth of this empire in the early part of the eleventh century, and the practical statesmanship of its builder, Mr. Larson tells clearly and effectively. He has caught the poetry and imagination of the Sagas, and draws upon them freely, but judiciously, to give life and background to his hero. Canute's age was the interesting and critical period when Christianity had begun to contest with the old Norse gods for supremacy. It was still an age in which the Swedish people gathered every ninth year at Upsala for the great sacrificial feast, at which at least nine human beings were immolated. Christians, however, were released from the duty of attendance at this national festival upon the payment of money. Mr. Larson concludes with a valuable chapter upon Northern culture in the days of Canute the Great, which paves the way for a good discussion of the controversy in regard to the extent of the Scandinavian influence upon early English institutions.

Professor Perrin is to be heartily congratulated on the completion of his annotated translation of "Six of Plutarch's Lives." The third and last volume of the work has just been issued by Scribner. It adds the Nicias and Alcibiades to the The-

mistocles and Aristides and the Cimon and Pericles; so that the admirer of the prince of biographers and the student of Greek history whose Greek has grown rusty can now read with pleasure and competent guidance Plutarch's revelation and betrayal of the great age of Greece. The charm and accuracy of the translation are as noticeable as the sanity of the introduction and the aptness of the commentary.

Readers of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" do not need to be told the quality of Ian Maclaren's humor. Its intellectual character and its "imperfect sympathies" show how much he is a Scotsman. In the first essay in the present collection, which gives its title to the volume ("Books and Bookmen and Other Essays," Doran) he draws a rather too long comparison between dipsomania and bibliomania, which is nevertheless amusing to the end because of the quiet but hearty enjoyment of the author. That he is himself an incurable bibliomaniac is evident throughout the volume. The malady should have kept him from heading his second essay "Humour: An Analysis." He should have seen that it would arouse too great expectation. Of course one does not sigh for the soul-destroying dissection of the German analyses, but one does look for more than a characterization of the humor of different nations as French wit, English fun, Irish drollery, the American humor of surprise, the solemn ironic waggery or "pawkiness" of the Scotch. This is not analysis at all. Besides, though his comic sense is displayed in the selection of several good stories as illustrations, only the description of Scotch humor is distinguished by penetrating understanding. As a critic, he exhibits similar limitations. In the opening section the glow of sentiment not only lights up his memories of delightful penny-dreadfuls among his childhood favorites, but surrounds with a halo of praise the idols of his mature years. In the essays on Burns and Scott there is little acute thinking anent fundamental characteristics, but a winning enthusiasm for the fine emotional qualities in the work of his fellow-countrymen. His account of the feudalism in Scott's novels and life, his breadth of sympathy in tracing national characteristics in the poetry of Burns, are specimens of generous appreciation. But they are in the strict sense not criticism at all.

Will Carleton, writer of ballads, died on Wednesday of last week in Brooklyn, where he was editor of *Everywhere*, a monthly periodical. His rhymes, written for the most part in colloquial language, were popular some years ago, and were widely circulated. Because of his name as a writer, he was in demand as a lecturer, particularly in the West. In 1871 Carleton published in the *Toledo Blade* "Betsy and I Are Out," which immediately became popular and established his reputation as a writer of dialect verse. Among his works are: "Farm Ballads," "City Ballads," "Rhymes of Our Planet," "The Old Infant, and Similar Stories," and "Songs of Two Centuries." He was born in Hudson, Mich., in 1845.

Brig.-Gen. Theophilus Francis Rodenbough, U. S. A., retired, who was honored for distinguished service during the Civil War, died last week at his home in New York, at the age of seventy-four. He was

the author of several books, among them "From Everglade to Cañon with the Second Dragoons," "Afghanistan and the Anglo-Russian Dispute," "Uncle Sam's Medal of Honor," "Autumn Leaves from Family Trees," and "Sabre and Bayonet."

## Science

*How to Cook in Casserole Dishes.* By Marion H. Neill. Philadelphia: David McKay. \$1 net.

*Soyer's Standard Cookery.* By Nicolas Soyer. New York: Sturgis & Walton. \$1.50 net.

*The Helping Hand Cook Book.* By Marion Harland and Christine Terhune Herrick. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. \$1.25 net.

*Recipes from East and West.* Compiled by Euterpe Crales. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1 net.

*The Expert Waitress.* By Anne Frances Springstead. New York: Harper & Bros. \$1 net.

In French restaurants an extra price is always charged for dishes cooked in casseroles or earthenware pots, and they are more than worth the additional quarter. In braising, pot-roasting, stewing, and steaming slow cooking is the secret of success, and for slow cooking the casserole is far superior to metal pans. The earthenware is cheap; it is easily cleaned; there is no danger of metallic contamination; it is good for left-overs and small entrées; valuable for cooking fruits, the acids of which do not harm it; economical, because of its non-conducting qualities, and so on. Fourteen reasons for preferring casseroles are given in her book by Marion H. Neill, who is the principal of the Philadelphia Practical School of Cookery and editor of the *Table Talk Magazine*. The two most important are that it develops the finest flavors of food, and that dishes are served as well as cooked in them, thus retaining their heat till they are ladled out. The author also gives important directions for taking care of the earthenware, and then proceeds to give 230 pages of recipes, for invalids as well as normal persons. There are separate sections for soups, fish, poultry and game, meats, vegetables, puddings, cheese, eggs, cakes, preserves, and salads, these last being only served in earthenware dishes. Far too little attention has heretofore been given in this country to casserole cooking; the adoption of it generally in our kitchens would effect a revolution.

In 1911 Sturgis & Walton published a book of 130 pages, entitled "Soyer's Paper-Bag Cookery," in which the eminent chef, Nicolas Soyer, explained his discovery of a method of preparing food which has since come much into vogue. The bulk of the recipes contained in

that little volume have been incorporated in Soyer's new volume, "Standard Cookery," which is a much more comprehensive book (436 pages), with an exceptionally large number of recipes in all branches of the culinary art, and with special sections on Jewish dishes and on viands for invalids. The chapter on hors-d'œuvres is the most comprehensive we know of, special attention being also given to the various "butters" that go with these appetizers. Though of French extraction—a son of the famous Alexis Soyer—Nicolas Soyer has practiced his art chiefly in England, as chef of Brooks's Club. His recipes accordingly partake of an international character, like those in "La Cuisine de tous les Pays" of Urbain-Dubois. The English as well as the French are greater cheese-eaters than we are, and to cheese many pages are devoted. French refinement is displayed on nearly every page. Under "fried eggs," for example, the ordinary American cook will read with astonishment that they should be dealt with one at a time, and that, with a wooden spoon, the yolk should be quickly covered up with the solidified portions of the white in order to keep the former soft. Imagine Bridget taking so much trouble! She might, perhaps, be induced to heed these directions in making an omelet: "Heat the pan until nearly a brown color. This will not only lend an exquisite taste to the omelet, but will be found to insure the perfect setting of the eggs." It is such trifles that insure perfection.

The "Helping Hand Cook Book" will be found useful in any home, but is intended primarily for women who do their own kitchen work, and who, being of moderate means, find it worth while to make profitable use of "left-overs." How these can be converted into palatable dishes it is the main object of the authors to indicate. Menus are given for every day in the year, for each of the three meals, and always the "left-overs" are provided for. This takes up the first 230 pages of the book; the remaining 110 are devoted to recipes of many of the dishes included in the menus, most of them of distinctly American flavor. The subject of beverages is treated gingerly, only two recipes being given—for tea punch and ginger ale.

Judging by diverse classical allusions, Euterpe Crales is not only, as indicated on the title-page of "Recipes from East and West," "certified by the National School of Cookery," but is a college graduate. One of the dishes is given in Greek. It is mentioned in Aristophanes's comedy, "Ecclesiazusæ," in which the women revolt and act very much like our suffragettes. "I dare not give the recipe for this, wishing my readers a long life," says the author. She does, however, give various Greek recipes, as well as some used by Turks and other Eastern epicures. Indeed, for

an Englishwoman, this written betrays a remarkably cosmopolitan taste, Sweden, Holland, and Spain being represented, as well as France and Italy. The roast meat of England will, she thinks, "always be supreme, but fish, vegetables, and farinaceous foods yield more to Eastern skill." She particularly commends the pilafs and mussakas which form the staple diet of the Near East. On grilling and the cooking of birds useful directions are given which will be new to most cooks.

To increase the comfort of those mistresses who employ only one or two maids is the avowed purpose of "The Expert Waitress." It is intended not only for waitresses themselves, but for mistresses who desire to know how a table should be set and served with good taste and good sense, without adhering in all respects to the latest conventions; who wish to know, also, how much can be expected of one domestic assistant. One of the most valuable chapters is on dishwashing; it includes a dozen hints about things usually neglected in the kitchen. There are chapters on what the waitress has to do before and during each meal, afternoon tea, the care of the pantry and of lamps and silverware, etc. Adaptability, a servant's contract, truthfulness, and honesty are other topics discussed.

Dr. John Grimshaw, who describes himself as an industrious plagiarist, has prepared "The People's Medical Guide," and the Macmillan Co. has handsomely printed it. The author says he did this because the publisher urged it, and he himself had many things he wanted to say, besides a large number of note-books and scrap-books to utilize. The result fills about 850 large pages. The sub-title is suggestive as to his methods and purpose. It runs: "Points for the patient, notes for the nurse, matter for the medical adviser, succour for the sufferer, precepts for the public." He might have added that there is poetry for the plodding peruser, much for many, and so on indefinitely. No one of these classes of readers will be quite satisfied with the book, despite its excellencies and the happy treatment of many topics. As a book for the family, it brings much useful information, often well put, but the author goes further afield in some of his discussions than is profitable for the layman. Certain topics, notably the problem of immunity, are hardly made clear enough for the lay mind. Medical men, if they happen to take up the book (and the author often seems to be writing really for them or at them), will find a good deal to arouse objection. In its favor let it be noted that the book contains much matter bearing on social reform, a good discussion of foods and feeding, and many excellent suggestions about the training of children, about nervousness, and so forth. Dr. Grimshaw is no fanatic about tobacco and alcohol, but he sets forth their dangers well and forcibly. He makes the good point that there is a growing aversion to drinking water, because of the very gen-



eral, and possibly exaggerated, fear of "bugs," and that this leads to the use of other liquids, which are not good substitutes for plain water. The author has British conditions primarily in mind, but we have noticed few places where this will trouble an American reader who desires an entertaining book of this kind.

Prof. William James Vaughn, senior member of the faculty of Vanderbilt University, who had held the chair of mathematics from 1882 to 1895, and the chair of astronomy since the latter year, died at Nashville the early part of last week, aged seventy-eight. He was a graduate of the University of Alabama.

## Drama and Music

England has never got over feeling cheated because her greatest literary genius failed to leave more knowledge of his personality behind him. What couldn't the critics do with his plays if Shakespeare's life lay as bare to the public as, say, Goethe's? The moments of Hamlet's despair, of Macbeth's ambition, Romeo's passion would all be pointed with the sting of actuality. No one will deny that much might be learned from Shakespeare's own experience; and even the most careful students of his works have fancied they discovered there at least side-long glances of himself. They must be there, if the practice of other writers counts for anything. But to admit the existence of his own likeness in the plays is one thing; to pluck it out bodily and hold it up to the gaze of all is quite another. Yet even this Mr. Frank Harris—known for his "The Man Shakespeare" and just now for "The Women of Shakespeare," published by Mitchell Kennerley—has not hesitated to attempt. In the thick of a smart London set, who by their sharp wits are pleasantly making over all philosophy, all religion, and all life, it must have seemed to him like child's play to find out a thing or two about that fellow Shakespeare. The earmarks of child's play are indeed on nearly every page of his latest book.

Just how he reaches the conclusion that the "Dark Lady" is Mary Fitton, and Shakespeare's patron and false friend Lord William Herbert, is of no great importance. Mr. Harris ignores the recent discovery that Mary Fitton was a blonde, as well as the growing difficulty in the way of making Herbert the person designated as "W. H."; and, accepting them for his purpose, finds their broad trail through most of the plays. So Helena, of "All's Well," running after Bertram, and, after she has tricked him into the marriage relation, trying to force him to acknowledge her openly, is Mary in indecent pursuit of the young lord. Poor Helena! Heaven knows Shakespeare himself pitied her and tried hard to free her from the taint of the original story. Would Mr. Harris read into this source of the play a record of the same historical intrigue? In passing we are told that the poet's wife appears as the scold, Adriana, of "The Comedy of Errors"; his mother as Volumina, of "Coriolanus," and his daughter, Judith, as Marina, Perdita, and Miranda. Mr. Harris's reasoning is too un instructed to deserve to be recounted in detail. It is a good illus-

tration of how smartness, when it attempts to unmask genius, is itself stripped bare.

Of the Select Plays of Shakespeare, which J. C. Smith as general editor is publishing in small volumes through the Clarendon Press (Frowde), we have just received "Richard the Second." The introduction and notes, for which Henry Newbolt is responsible, are very full. The former contains a helpful discussion of the historical characters in the play and a comparison of them, as found in actual life, with Shakespeare's conceptions.

The success which Professor Geddes had with the presentation of the "Masque of Learning" has encouraged him to give similar performances at the University of London, where in March he will present a series of ancient and modern masques.

James O'Neill has been engaged for "Joseph and His Brethren" at the Century Theatre. He will play Jacob and Pharaoh.

Edward Locke's latest play, "The Silver Wedding," will be placed in rehearsal this week and produced in New York late in January. "The Silver Wedding" is described as a folk-play of German-American life.

Macdonald Hastings's new play, to be produced in London immediately by Ethel Warwick, is in four acts, and of a serious nature. It deals with the law which allows the separation of mother and child, and incidentally touches upon the proceedings of the recent Divorce Commission. The principal character, to be played by Miss Warwick, is that of a woman of thirty-five with a grown-up child. The first act takes place in a London hotel; the remaining three in Guernsey.

William Poel was the guest of honor at a dinner given in London recently, in honor of his Elizabethan production of "Troilus and Cressida," which is to be the last he will undertake on his own responsibility. Granville Barker presided and spoke of the great influence which Poel had exerted on the contemporary theatre. Mr. Poel, in reply, said that if the drama was to hold its proper position in the theatre, the author must realize his responsibility, and, besides being able to write, he must be a dramatist, a poet also, and a philosopher, for he would be called upon in the future to represent Nature on the stage as it really existed. The actor would be called upon in the future to consider that his sole and responsible business was to be loyal to the author and to interpret the author according to his intention. His own work was going to be carried on by their chairman, and no doubt it would be carried on in a more practical way than it had been by himself.

Martin Harvey is about to produce "Hamlet" in conjunction with Max Reinhardt. Talking with a London reporter, he said: "We hope to have one special performance almost immediately, if we can get the right sort of theatre. If this proves impossible to arrange, the production will open my April season in London. Mr. Reinhardt has, I believe, staged 'Hamlet' on the Continent, giving it an early fifteenth-century setting. But we are now hard at work on quite original lines, though we keep to my usual eleventh-century setting." Explaining some of the points which the production will bring out, Mr. Harvey said that the treatment would be simple, large, and spacious.

After a tour extending over eighteen months, Matheson Lang and his wife, Hutin Britton, have returned to England. During their absence they have visited the principal cities in South Africa and in India, and have broken many records. Their repertory included seven Shakespearean plays and five modern pieces. During the course of their eight weeks' season in Johannesburg Mr. Lang made a special production of Miss Peggy Webbing's drama, "Westward Ho!" adapted from Charles Kingsley's romance. Mr. Lang will try to procure a London West End theatre wherein to present this piece.

Gerhart Hauptmann paid a fine tribute to the memory of the late Otto Brahm, until recently director of the Lessing Theater in Berlin. He said:

I do not believe that in the whole history of the German theatre there was ever before him such a union of practical force and ideal force. He compelled the theatre to serve serious, true, and living art. He brought it near to life, and life near to it, as had never been done before. There may be people who regard a fight for the prestige of the German theatre to be not important enough to justify belief in its seriousness. It is Brahm's service that he recognized its importance and gave himself to the work.

John Cheever Goodwin, writer of plays and adapter of musical comedy librettos, died last week at his home in New York. Mr. Goodwin, who was born in Boston in 1850 and graduated from Harvard in 1873, commenced his connection with the stage as an actor, being for a season with the company headed by the elder Sothorn, but he soon gave up acting for writing. Among his best-known librettos are "Evangeline," "Wang," "Dr. Syntax," and "Lost, Strayed, or Stolen." He also wrote several plays, among them "The Merry Monarch," "The Lion Tamer," and "The Monks of Malabar."

Sir Hubert Parry's new symphony, recently played by the London Philharmonic, has curious headings for its parts. The four movements played continuously are called "Stress," "Love," "Play," and "Now!" and the themes of the first are described by such phrases as "brooding thought in the presence of tragedy," "wrestling with the meaning of it," "revolt," "tokens of suffering," and "the pity of it." But the listener who begins with the music and works back to the verbal description, as all real listeners must, the *London Times* remarks, generally finds that he is passing from the greater to the less—that the music has carried him so much further than the words that the latter are superfluous.

Ernest Newman has an article in the *Musical Times* for December on "A Fore-runner of Wagner," its subject being Ignaz Franz Mosel, whose book, "Versuch einer Aesthetik des dramatischen Tonsatzes," originally published in the year of Wagner's birth (1813), and now made accessible in a new edition, edited by Dr. Eugen Schmitz, anticipates Wagner's principles in a remarkable way.

The National Conservatory of Music of America, No. 126 West Seventy-ninth Street, New York city, gives more free scholarships to pupils of talent without means than any other music school in this country, following the example of the Paris Conserva-

toire. Nine were granted at the annual entrance examinations in September, and more scholarships for voice, piano, and violin will be given at the semi-annual examinations, to be held Saturday, January 4, 1913, from 10 to 12 A. M. and 2 to 4 P. M.

Luiza Tetrassini has received the gold medal of the London Philharmonic Society, an honor that has been conferred on few musical celebrities. Among those who have received it are Patti and Paderewski. Mme. Tetrassini will accompany the Chicago Opera Company to the Pacific Coast next spring.

Julia Heinrich, the daughter of the eminent Armenian baritone, Max Heinrich, continues to receive warm praise from the German critics. She is now prima donna of the Stadt Theater in Elberfeld, gaining experience in many rôles. This is the chief advantage of being associated with one of these theatres.

Mme. Galski, who returns to the Metropolitan this week, after a most successful concert tour in the West, appears to have had some unique experiences. In Texas, at Fort Worth, her coming created a great stir. The house, we read, was crowded, and seats had to be provided on the stage for hundreds of people. "It was really quite funny, for after the first group of songs some one handed Mme. Galski a note in which she was asked to please sing some of her songs facing those on the stage. She did so, turning her back to the auditorium each time an encore was demanded and singing it that way. Thus it happened that she sang about one-third of the programme all over again."

## Art

*Homer Martin.* By Frank Jewett Mather, Jr. New York: F. F. Sherman. \$12.50.

Like other great artists who in their lifetime were unknown to the large public, Homer Martin, perhaps the most elevated and distinguished of our landscape painters, is slowly gaining recognition. Little has been written about him, yet his fame grows steadily, and in an entirely natural manner. There is every reason, therefore, that a serious study of him should be welcome. Such a study was no easy task. In the case of one of our own people there is none of that help for the imagination which comes from the remoteness of the atmosphere about the foreign artist in the traditional, Old World *milieu* in which a Millet, for example, and his models were placed. To make the matter more difficult, most of Martin's works are scattered in unknown hands, and what could be known of them and of him, outside of his wife's little book, was to be found in the memories of a few friends. Our thanks are due to the author for his painstaking labor to establish facts which would otherwise be lost, and to discover the works of the artist and give them their proper date, thus establishing the chronology of his development.

This Catalogue Raisonné, which must be the essential part of such a work, is admirably done and makes the book one of solid and permanent value.

The author is a humanist as well as a critic, to whom the man and his work are inseparable. He follows the modern method of making a personality reveal itself to the reader by a hundred minute facts, in the same way as a mosaic picture results from a mass of little cubes. The success of such a method depends upon the proper adjustment and relation of parts, as well as upon the correctness of facts used. Now, in his desire to realize and do full justice to Martin the man, Mr. Mather labors under a great disadvantage—he has never even seen the artist. Notwithstanding all he learned, and in spite of his evident candor, his presentment will not give entire satisfaction to those who knew Martin, and may convey a wrong impression to those who did not. When Whistler made the remark which Mr. Mather quotes in regard to Martin's physical appearance, it can only have been in the sense of: "Gentlemen, here is my friend Martin, a true artist, although he looks like anybody else"—a remark which might be made about many other great men. But the addition of a saying of Boughton's to reinforce the much exaggerated impression of the man the author wishes to convey is particularly unfortunate. *On choisit ses témoins*—in the Court of Public Opinion as in any other court! The simple statement that Martin was wont to accompany one of the most distinguished gentlewomen of New York to public concerts would have helped the reader to draw his own conclusions on the point in question.

The critical temper of the author is that of the broad-minded scholar who knows and values the art of many schools. The descriptions of pictures are admirable; each subject is felt and characterized with sympathetic insight, and with a fine glow of enthusiasm tempered by a sense of measure. Possibly, Mr. Mather underestimates Martin's technique. On seeing some of Raphael's most beautiful figures very much enlarged on the screen, one becomes aware that the drawing is often quite "out," that it is not at all what the student is taught (and rightly) as correct drawing; yet, it is not only good drawing, it is drawing of the finest quality because it so thoroughly expresses the artist's conception. Whether it might do that and be "correct" is now becoming more and more a purely academic question. In the same way the battle of techniques is getting to be a thing of the past. "There are fifty roads to town and a great many more to heaven," and all technique is good which enables the artist to express himself and convey his particular message. Martin's technique needs no apology, neither does

that of Inness; but if the latter seems more facile, more brilliant, more "painter-like" as we now say, that is just where it may be somewhat inferior to the former. We are inclined, for other reasons also, to disagree with Mr. Mather on the relative ranks of these two artists. Inness has benefited greatly by the fact that he was doing large things, with a proper method and adequate technique, when American landscape painters were given to doing the little things in a little way. Inness and Martin were alike in this, although the achievements of the one were generally recognized, while those of the other were not; but in poetical feeling the large and simple art of Inness is comparatively commonplace. Martin's mood is not only subtler, more moving, and more distinguished, but it is far deeper. Whatever may be said of Inness, surely Martin is the great lyric poet of the two.

But it is obvious that we are too near these men, that we lack perspective, to judge them with anything like finality. Such a book as Mr. Mather's will prove invaluable to students and lovers of art. It belongs to the class of serious, elevated, and scholarly, yet human, works of which we are in particular need and which we so seldom get.

The dialogues contained in the little volume "On the Truth of Decorative Art," by Lionel de Fonseca (London: Greening & Co.), are more important than their modest manner and dress would suggest. Ostensibly we have the plea of a Ceylonese aesthete against the Western theory that art should be the expression of idiosyncrasy and directed solely to the appreciation of a cult. Beauty and truth are to be found not along the lines of asserting and exaggerating personality, but through the restraint and disciplining of personality and its adaptation to social use. Truth and beauty are not met in the endeavor at self-expression, but through submission to universal decorative conventions which are the key to the general heart. Thus no European art is really fine and broadly humane except that of Greece and the Middle Ages with its fixed themes and established symbolism. The way of beauty and truth is social. One must avoid inordinate curiosity, both about nature and about one's own soul. This collectivist and anti-individualist doctrine is advanced with quiet and gentle conviction. The book should be read by all who seek a corrective for the restless individualism of modern art. Doubtless few will go the whole quietistic way with Mr. Fonseca. Yet it is hard to gainsay the force of passages like this: "Has it never occurred to you that it is inhuman to breed grotesque personalities for the sake of art? You worship beauty and you sacrifice human victims on your altars."

In a letter to the London *Times*, Bernard and Ellen M. Whishaw give interesting details of the remarkable discoveries recently made in the centre of Seville. Excavations were there undertaken of a purely business nature, with the object of improving the access to the top of a steep ascent



known as the Cuesta (cliff) del Rosario, which has hitherto been believed to be part of an outcrop of rock in the midst of the great plain of Guadalquivir. During these operations, a quantity of large stones were dug up, which were recognized as dating from a period far earlier than that commonly accepted for the foundation of Seville or Hispalis by Julius Cæsar. Careful investigations were then made, and it was found that the "cliff" was not a natural rock at all, but an artificial mound, formed by building tier after tier of houses on the debris beneath. A number of different floors of different construction were brought to light, and roughly dated—the earliest as far back as the Bronze Age—by the objects discovered with them. Brick and stone walls extending a long distance were also laid bare. It is the belief of the discoverers that this ancient site is to be identified with that of the lost city of Tharsis, which has before been shown to correspond exactly with the site of Seville. The various objects found during the excavations have been deposited in the Museum of Andalusian Pottery and Lace at Seville.

## Finance

### THE "TURN OF THE YEAR."

The sudden recovery on the Stock Exchange, towards the close of the past week, did not accomplish much towards making good the declines of the two preceding months, which had run to 15 and 20 points in many stocks, but it brought up for fresh consideration some factors, other than those which have lately absorbed the attention of the financial community. This week-end recovery affected simultaneously the European stock exchanges and our own: for instance, British consols moved up 1 point in London, and French rentes  $\frac{1}{2}$  at Paris, on the very days when Reading shares and Union Pacific were advancing 5 points apiece on Wall Street. Each market had its own particular explanation for the recovery. London was cheered by the fact that the predicted rise in the Bank of England rate did not occur; Paris was relieved at positive reports that Austria and Servia had composed their differences; Wall Street professed relief that the "Money Trust" Committee had adjourned.

All these causes may have had a hand in the rise of prices; but the coincidence of three separate irresistible reasons for recovery, on three separate markets, was somewhat striking. Since, also, practiced students of finance are aware that stock exchanges will seize on the nearest plausible explanation for any movement of prices, whether up or down, there is reasonable warrant for the question whether the movement on all three markets, and on others with them, might not perhaps have had a common cause, apart from those assigned in the gossip of the markets. There is at least one

factor, of recognized importance to all the markets and stock exchanges of the world, which now has to be taken into account with more carefulness than heretofore. That is the fact that the end of the year is at hand.

The large forward and backward movements of economic prosperity are not affected by the passing from one calendar year into another. The natural and legitimate elements in the situation are the same on the 15th of January as on the 15th of December. But a forced and unnatural financial position—especially one dominated by money stringency—is apt to be considerably changed by the ending of a year. December is the climax of demand from all quarters—financial, mercantile, and industrial—on the money markets. Such are the habits of those markets that the point of highest tension is usually reached on, or shortly before, the last day of the year, with progressive relaxation of the strain and eventual return to easy money, after a few weeks of the year.

There are many causes for the abruptness and completeness of that change; but the essential point is that the invariable relaxing of the money strain brings a new test to the financial situation, and throws new light on the underlying conditions. The turn of the year after December, 1899, was a notable case in point. The month ended with European money markets at the utmost tension, under the influence of the Boer War, the blockade of the Transvaal gold mines, and the strain of financing a large commercial business. Bank rates were 6 per cent. at London and 7 per cent. at Berlin; 6 $\frac{1}{2}$  had just been paid for three months' bills on Lombard Street; call money on Wall Street had been at 186 per cent., and closed the year at 25, with even six months' loans at 6. Before the end of January, however, the London bank rate was down to 4 per cent., the Berlin rate to 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ , and the New York money market got down to 3 per cent. on call and 4 on time. This was typical of the movement after the turn of the year, even following severe tight-money periods, such as 1907 and 1909.

Such abrupt return to easier conditions on the money market, after December 31, does not necessarily restore favorable conditions on the stock exchanges or in general trade; that depends on circumstances. The low money rates of January, 1900, so far as Europe was concerned, served only to introduce a general decline of trade prosperity in England and Germany and a prolonged period of both financial and industrial liquidation. In America, on the other hand, notwithstanding the reflex influence of the European reaction and the handicap of a disturbing Presidential campaign, prosperity continued,

leading up to the active times of 1901. This was because the underlying conditions differed in Europe and America. On the one continent a prolonged and overdone boom in trade was reaching its natural end when the money strain occurred; on the other, the upward movement of industrial activity had just begun. The December stringency had disguised the real state of affairs on both sides of the Atlantic.

The test of the turn of the year has not always had such plain results. It did not after the extreme money tension of December, 1906; for, in 1907, though the year began with easier money markets, the high-strung speculation prevalent throughout the world continued, and soon brought all the world's markets back to the December stringency. It will presently be possible to determine which of the two periods referred to bears most resemblance to the present period. At all events, the first few weeks of 1913 will go reasonably far towards showing just how much of the recent European depression has been due to actual fear of a general European war and just how much to money stringency; also to what extent the recent extreme weakness at New York is attributable to the Southern Pacific decision, the Money Trust inquiry, and the coming tariff revision, and to what extent to the unusual difficulty of procuring money, whether in Wall Street or in Europe, in the face of the demands on capital imposed by almost unprecedented interior trade activity.

### BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

- Abernethy, J. W. *Correct Pronunciation*. C. E. Merrill Company. 75 cents.  
 Ayscough, John. *Saints and Places*. Benziger Bros. \$1.50 net.  
 Babbitt, Irving. *Masters of Modern French Criticism*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. \$2.50 net.  
 Book of Winter Sports. Edited by J. C. Dier. Macmillan. \$1.50 net.  
 Bradford, William. *History of Plymouth Plantation, 1620-1647*. Two vols. (Mass. Historical Society.) Houghton Mifflin. \$15 net.  
 Browning's *The Ring and the Book*. Introduction by E. Dowden. Frowde.  
 Catalogue of Newspaper Files in the Library of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin. Second edition. Madison: The Society.  
 Carden, Admiral J. S. *A Curtail'd Memoir of Incidents and Occurrences*. Written 1850, now first printed and edited by C. T. Atkinson. Frowde.  
 Coler, Bird S. *Two and Two Make Four*. Frank D. Beattys & Co.  
 Coleridge, S. T. *Poems*, edited by E. H. Coleridge. Frowde.  
 Douglas, G. W. *Essays in Appreciation*. Longmans. \$1.20 net.  
 Essays and Studies by Members of the English Association. Vol. III, collected by W. P. Ker. Frowde.  
 English Literature and the Classics. Nine lectures delivered in Oxford, 1911-12, by Gilbert Murray, and others. Frowde.  
 Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics. Edited by James Hastings. Vol. V, *Davidians-Fichte*. Scribner.  
 Fear, and Other Essays. By the author of "Times and Days." Longmans. \$1.25 net.  
 Foerster, F. W. *Marriage and the Sex-Problem*. Stokes.

Gladden, Washington. *Ultima Veritas and Other Verses*. Boston: Pilgrim Press.  
 Jekyll, G., and Weaver, L. *Gardens for Small Country Houses*. Scribner. \$5 net.  
 Jones, H. W. *A Man in the Making*. Tepeka: Crane & Co. \$1.35 net.  
 Joudwine, J. W. *The First Twelve Centuries of British Story*. Longmans. \$4.50 net.  
 Madison, L. F. *Peggy Owen and Liberty*. Philadelphia: Penn Pub. Co.  
 Masfield, John. *The Story of a Round-House, and Other Poems*. Macmillan. \$1.30 net.  
 Milman, H. H. *The History of the Jews*. Vol. II. (Everyman's Library, No. 378.) Dutton.  
 Nichols, M. L. *History of Art Outlines*. Vol. I. *Ancient Art*. Hartford, Conn.: Burr Index Co. \$2.

Old Chinatown. Pictures by A. Genthe; text by W. Irwin. Mitchell Kennerley. \$2.50 net.  
 Oxford Books of Latin Verse. Chosen by H. W. Garrod. Frowde.  
 Park, J. Edgar. *The Dwarf's Spell: A Christmas Play*. Boston: Pilgrim Press.  
 Peabody, Leila. *A Little Book of Verse*. Boston: Sherman, French. 75 cents net.  
 Prothero, R. E. *English Farming, Past and Present*. Longmans. \$4 net.  
 Robinson, E. B. *A Child's Glimpse of God*. Boston: Sherman, French. \$1 net.  
 Robinson, Victor. *Pathfinders in Medicine*. Medical Review of Reviews. \$2.50.  
 Saintsbury, George. *The Historical Character of English Lyric*. (From the Proceedings of the British Academy.) Frowde.  
 Schrakamp, Josefa. *Deutsche Heimat*. American Book Company. 80 cents.

Shoemaker, M. M. *Indian Pages and Pictures*. Putnam.  
 Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*. Selections, edited by John Erskine. Holt.  
 Torelle, Ellen. *Plant and Animal Children*. How They Grow. Boston: Heath. (School edition.) 50 cents.  
 Townshend, Aurelian. *Poems and Masks*, edited by E. K. Chambers. Frowde.  
 Wells, A. R. *The Ideal Adult Class in the Sunday School*. Boston: Pilgrim Press.  
 Wilkins, E. H., and Altrocchi, R. *Italian Short Stories*. Heath. 60 cents.  
 Wilson, W. H. *The Evolution of the Country Community: A Study in Religious Sociology*. Boston: Pilgrim Press. \$1.25 net.  
 Wright, A., and Reid, T. H. *The Malay Peninsula: A Record of British Progress in the Middle East*. Scribner.

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